

ETHICAL SONGS
WITH MUSIC

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ETHICAL SONGS

WITH MUSIC

*Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed*

—BONAR

LONDON : T. FISHER UNWIN
PATERNOSTER SQUARE. MDCCXCII

LONDON :
NOVELLO, EWER AND CO.,
PRINTERS.

1.—Of the Inner Life.

C.M.

HENRY ALFORD,
Dean of Canterbury (1810—1871).

JOSEPH BARNBY (b. 1838).*

1.

1. Be true to ev - 'ry in - most thought; Be as thy
 2. Woe, woe to him, on safe - ty bent, Who creeps to
 3. Show forth thy light! If conscience gleam, Che - rish the

thought, thy speech; . . . What thou hast not by
 age from youth, . . . Fail - ing to grasp his
 ris - ing glow; . . . The small - est spark may

suf - f'ring bought, Pre - sume thou not to teach. . .
 life's in - tent, Be - cause he fears the truth. . .
 shed its beam O'er thou - sand hearts be - low. . .

- 4 Guard thou the fact ! Though clouds of night
 Down on thy watch-tower stoop ;
 Though thou should'st see thine heart's delight
 Borne from thee by their swoop.
- 5 Face thou the wind ! Though safer seem
 In shelter to abide ;
 We were not made to sit and dream ;
 The true must first be tried.

After CHAUCER (1328—1400).

EDWARD TAYLOR.

1. Bri-tain's first po - et, Fa-mous old Chau-cer,
 2. "From false crowds fly - ing, Dwell with sooth fast- ness ;
 3. "Trust not to for - tune; Be not o'er - med-dling;

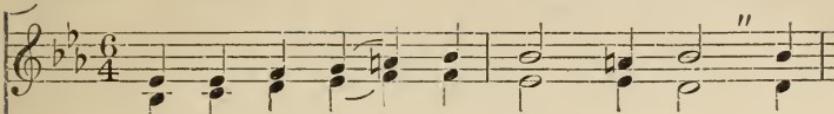
Swan - like, in dy - ing Sung his last song,
 Prize more than trea - sure Hearts true and brave;
 Thank - ful re - ceive thou Good which life gave;

When at his heart - strings Death's hand was strong.
 Truth to thine own heart Thy soul shall save."
 Truth to thine own heart Thy soul shall save."

4 Dead through long ages,
 Britain's first poet—
 Still the monition
 Sounds from his grave,
 "Truth to thine own heart
 Thy soul shall save."

Suggested by GOETHE.

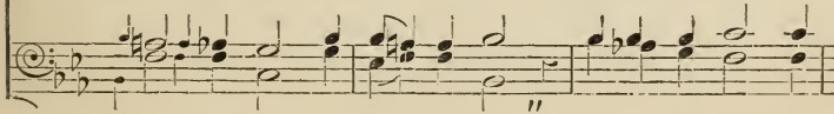
JOHANN SCHEFFLER (d. 1677).



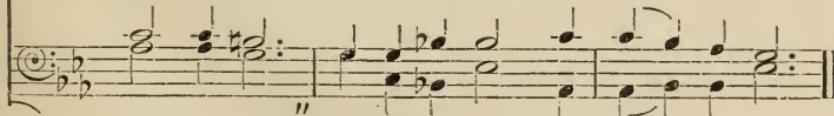
1. Born in each heart is im - pulse strong A -
 2. As ea - gle soar - ing sweeps a - main O'er
 3. Up then, my soul, and nev - er flag! . .



loft tow'rds heav'n its path to trace, E'en as the lark its
 bleak un- trod - den pine-clad height, As struggling homeward
 Soar - ing the marsh of er - ror past, Thro' clouds of doubt, o'er



thrill - ing song Sings till all lost in a - zure space.
 still the crane Ur-ges o'er plain and marsh her flight.
 tri - al's crag, Strug - gle to home in truth at last!



BERNARD BARTON (1784—1849).

†

1. Say not the law di - vine . . . Is hid - den
 2. Soar not . . . on high, . . . Nor ask who
 3. Nor launch . . . thy bark . . . In search there-

from thee, or a - far re - moved; That law with-in would
 thence shall bring it down to earth. . That vault - ed
 - of up - on a shore-less sea, . Which has no

shine, . . If there its glo-rious light were sought and loved.
 sky . . Hath no such star, did'st thou but know its worth.
 ark, . . No dove to bring this o - live-branch to thee.

4 Then do not roam
 In search of that which wand'ring cannot win;
 At home! at home!
 There peace is found, thy very heart within.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (b. 1807). †

1. Hast thou, 'midst life's emptiness,
2. Early hath life's mighty question
3. Not to ease and aimless quiet,

Heard the solemn steps of time, And the low mystery
Thrilled within thy heart of youth, With a deep and
Doth the inward answer tend, . . . But to works of

- te - rious voi - ces Of an - o - ther clime ?
strong be - seech - ing What, and where, is truth ?
love and du - ty As our be - ing's end.

4 Earnest toil and strong endeavour

Of a spirit which within

Wrestles with familiar evil

And besetting sin.

5 And without, with tireless vigour,

Steady heart and purpose strong,

In the power of truth assaileth

Every form of wrong.

Rev. W. C. GANNETT.

Adapted from a Norwegian Melody.†

1. I hear it oft - en in the dark, I
 2. O, may it be that far with - in My
 3. They send me chal - len - ges to right, And

hear it in the light,—Where is the voice that comes to
 in - most soul there lies A spi - rit sky, that o - pens
 loud re - buke my ill; They ring my bells of vic - to -

me . . With such a qui - et might? It seems but
 with . . Those voi - ces of sur - prise. Thy heav'n is
 ry; . . They breathe my "Peace, be still!" They ev - er

e - cho to my thought, And yet be - yond the
mine, — my ve - ry soul! Thy words are sweet and
seem to say: "My child, Why seek me so all

" cres.

stars ! It seems a heart-beat in a hush, And
strong ; They fill my in - ward . . si-lences, With
day? Now jour - ney in - ward to thy - self, . . And

" cres.

dim.

yet the plan - et jars ! It .. seems a heart-beat in a
mu - sic and with song. They fill my in - ward . .
lis - ten by the way. Now jour - ney in - ward to thy -

" p rit.

hush, . . And yet the plan - et jars !
si - len-ces With mu - sic and with song.
self, . . And lis - ten by the way."

p rit.

7.

CH. MACKAY (1814—1890).

Adapted from H. KJERULF (1815—1868).†

Poco andante.

lmp.

If I were a voice, a per - sua - sive voice, That could tra - vel, could
travel the wide world thro', I would fly on the wings of the
morn - ing light, And speak to men with a gen - tle might, And
tell them, tell them to be true, tell them, tell them to be true.



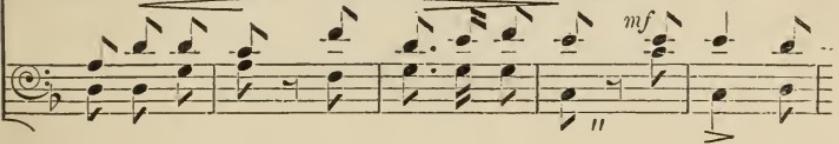
I'd fly, I'd fly o'er land and sea, Wher-ev-er a hu-man



heart might be, Tell-ing a tale or sing-ing a song, In



praise of the right, in blame of the wrong; I'd fly, I'd



fly over land and sea, Wher-ev-er a hu-man heart might be

dim.

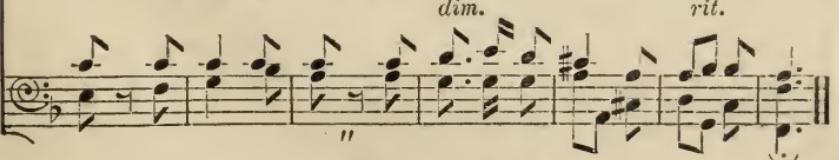
rit.



fly over land and sea, Wher-ev-er a hu-man heart might be

dim.

rit.



8.

C.M.

JONES VERY (1818—1880).

(Last verse altered.)

SAML. REAY, Mus. B. (b. 1826).*

(Altered by permission.)

1. I saw on earth an - o-ther light Than that which lit my
 2. Its beams still shone un- cloud-ed on When in the dis-tant
 3. And on I walk'd,—tho' dark the night, Nor rose his orb by

eye Come forth, as from my soul within, And from a high -er sky.
 west The sun I once had known had sunk For ev-er to his rest.
 day,—As one to whom a su - rer guide Was pointing out the way.

4 'Twas brighter far than noon-day's beam,
 'Twas duty's light within,
 That lit, as by a lamp from heav'n,
 The world's dark track of sin.

9.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819—1861).

EDWARD GRIEG, (b. 1843).

(Adapted.)

It for ti-fies my soul to know, That tho' I per-ish, Truth is

so; It for - ti-fies my soul to know, That

tho' I per - ish, Truth is so; That how - so-e'er I

" cres.

stray and range, What-e'er I do, thou dost not change, I

"

stea- dier step, I stea-dier step when I re - call, That

if I slip, thou dost not fall, thou dost not fall.

CHARLES SWAIN (1803--1874).

From SCHUMANN (1810—1856).

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is also in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line begins with "1. The heart it hath its own es - tate, The". The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

1. The heart it hath its own es - tate, The
 2. No mat - ter which way for - tune leans, Wealth
 3. 'Tis not the house that hon - our makes, True

The musical score continues with two staves. The top staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is also in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line continues with "mind it hath its wealth un - told; It needs not for - tune". The piano accompaniment maintains the harmonic structure.

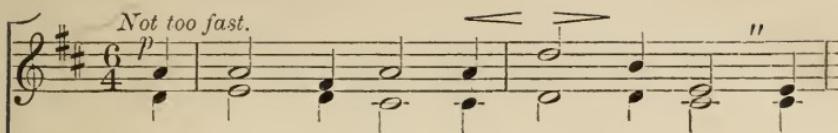
mind it hath its wealth un - told; It needs not for - tune
 makes not hap - pi - ness se - cure; A lit - tle mind hath
 hon - our is a thing di - vine; It is the mind pre -

The musical score concludes with two staves. The top staff is in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is also in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal line ends with "to be great, While there's a coin sur - pass - ing gold.". The piano accompaniment provides the final harmonic closure.

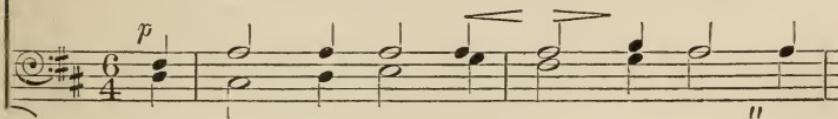
to be great, While there's a coin sur - pass - ing gold.
 lit - tle means, A nar - row heart is al - ways poor.
 - ce - dence takes, It is the spi - rit makes the shrine.

LETITIA E. LANDON (1802—1838).

†



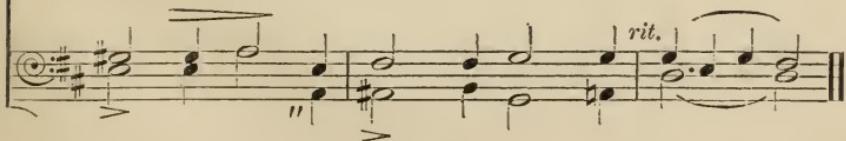
1. It sure - ly is a wast - ed heart, It
2. For hap - pi - ness is like the bird That



is... a wast - ed mind, . . . That seeks not in the broods a - bove its nest, . . . And finds be-neath its



in - ner world Its hap - pi - ness to find. . .
fold - ed wings Life's dear - est and its best. . .



Sir HENRY WOTTON (1568—1639).

ORLANDO GIBBONS (1583—1625).

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, common time, and has a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in bass clef, common time, and has a key signature of one sharp. The music features a repeating pattern of eighth-note chords. The lyrics are as follows:

1. How hap - py is he born and taught Who
2. Whose pas - sions not his mas - ters are, Whose
3. This man is freed from ser - vile bands Of

serv - eth not an - o - ther's will—Whose ar - mour is his
soul is still pre - pared for death, Un - tied to this vain
hope to rise, or fear to fall; Lord of him - self, though

The musical score continues with two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, common time, and has a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in bass clef, common time, and has a key signature of one sharp. The music continues the eighth-note chord pattern. The lyrics are as follows:

hon - est thought, And sim - ple truth his on - ly skill!
world by care Of pub - lic fame or pri - vate breath!
not of lands, And hav - ing no - thing, yet hath all.

The musical score concludes with two staves. The top staff is in treble clef, common time, and has a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff is in bass clef, common time, and has a key signature of one sharp. The music ends with a final chord. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Ope, ope, my soul; a - round thee press A
 2. Lie o - pen; love and du - ty stand, Thy
 3. Lie o - pen, soul; the Beau - ti - ful, That

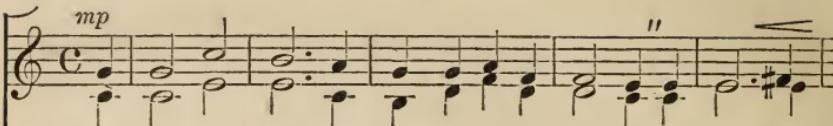
thu - sand things of worth; All glo - ry and all
 guard - ian an - gels, near, To lead thee gen - tly
 all things doth em - brace, Shall ev - 'ry pas - sion

ho - li - ness Are wait - ing to have birth.
 by the hand,—Their words of wel - come hear.
 sweet - ly lull. And clothe thee in her grace.

4 Lie open, soul; the great and wise
 About thy portal throng;
 The wealth of souls before thee lies,
 Their gifts to thee belong.

5 Lie open, soul, in watchfulness
 Each brighter glory win;
 The universe thy heart shall bless
 And strength shall enter in.

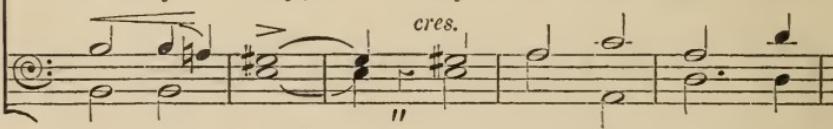
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807—1882). †



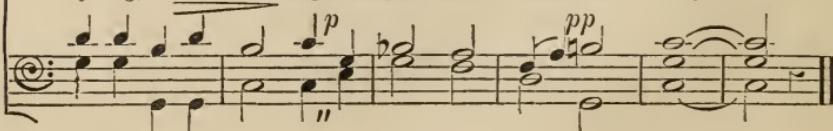
1. We see but dim - ly through the mists and va-pours A - mid these
2. And though at times, im - pet-uous with e - mo-tion And an - guish
3. We will be pa - tient, and assuage the feel - ing We may not



earth - ly damps; ... What seem to us but
long sup - pressed, ... The swell - ing heart heaves,
whol - ly stay; ... By si - lence sanc - ti -



sad fu-ne-real ta-pers, May be heav'n's dis - tant lamps. . .
moaning like the o - cean That can - not be at.. rest. . .
- fy-ing, not con - ceal - ing, The grief that must have way. . .



MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822—1888).

+

1. We can - not kin - dle when we will The fire that in the
 2. With ach - ing hands and bleed - ing feet We dig and heap, lay

heart re-sides, The spi - rit blow - eth and is still, In
 stone on stone; We bear the bur - den and the heat Of

mys - te - ry our soul a - bides: But tasks in hours of
 the long day, and wish 'twere done. Not till the hours of

in - sight will'd Can be through hours of gloom ful - fill'd.
 light re - turn, All we have built do we dis - cern.

A. WILLIAMS.

From BEETHOVEN (1770—1827).

1. Live thou thy life; nor take thou heed Of shades or
 2. Let du - ty to thy soul be dear; In doubt and
 3. What tho' the skies are dark to see, The ways are

shapes of threat - 'ning ill: Walk thou where na - ture's
 weak - ness scorn to grope; Be stead-fast, hav - ing
 dim be - fore thy feet: If thine own soul be

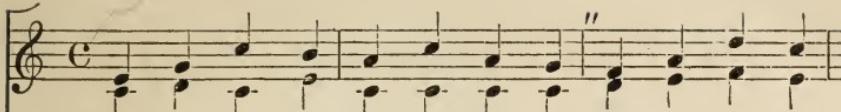
foot - steps lead, And work in low - li - ness her will.
 nought to fear; Be joy - ful, hav - ing much to hope.
 firm in thee, No harm there is that thou can't meet.

4 For courage treads a thornless road,
 While shadows fright the fearful soul,
 And hope will ease thee of thy load;
 And faith will bring thee to thy goal.

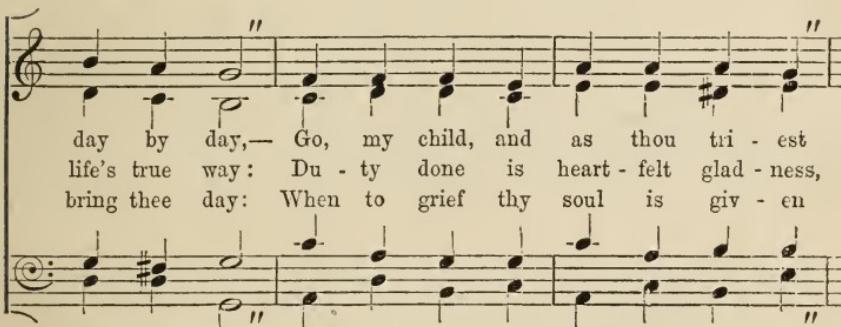
5 Live thou thy life, and ere it end
 Some grace acquire, some good bestow;
 When death shall come, thy final friend,
 Nor long to leave, nor fear to go.

Dr. ALEXANDER J. ELLIS, F.R.S. (1814—1890).

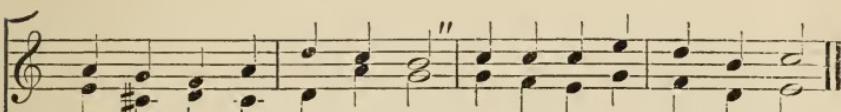
Anon.



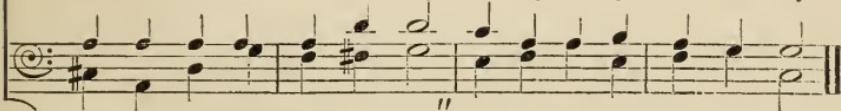
1. Go, my child,—thus saith the high - est, Warn-ing, cheer - ing,
 2. Faint not! yield not! tis no sad - ness Bur - dens thee on
 3. When a cloud ob - scures the hea - ven, Know the sun will



day by day,— Go, my child, and as thou tri - est
 life's true way: Du - ty done is heart - felt glad - ness,
 bring thee day: When to grief thy soul is giv - en



Life's temp-ta-tions, brave-ly say: Do thy du - ty, tide what may!
 Cheer-ing as the sum-mer ray: Do thy du - ty, tide what may!
 Trust that love will ev - er stay. Do thy du - ty, tide what may!



4 All the trials that surround thee
 Are but stones to mark thy way:
 Nought will baffle or confound thee,
 Canst thou love, and bravely say:
 Do thy duty, tide what may!

MONCURE D. CONWAY (1832—).

1. A storm sped o - ver sea and land; Harvest and bloom are
 beat - en low, And many a trea - sure on the strand

Marks the wild track with loss and woe. 2. Wherein the so - li -
 - tude it searched A child hath hung his one harp string: The

dolce.

blast to me - lo - dy is touched, Pre-lude to bless - ings

it would bring. 3. O heart, my heart, when clouds of fate

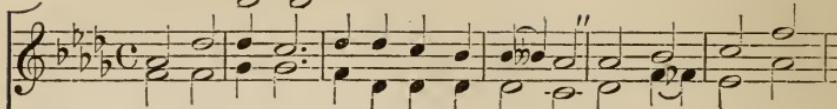
Shroud thy fair sky, and on thee beat, With child - like trust at -

tu - ned wait, Win from each storm its mu - sic sweet.

HARRIET LATHROP WINSLOW (b. 1796).

JOSEF TROUSSELLE.*

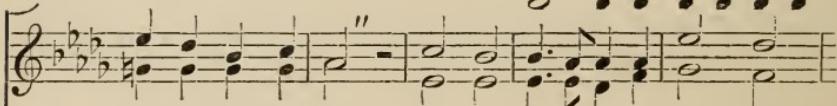
3rd V.



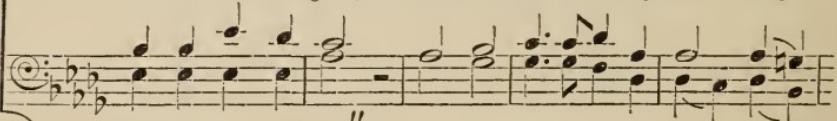
1. Why thus longing, thus for ev - er sigh - ing, For the far - off,
2. Would'st thou lis-ten to its gen - tle teaching, All thy rest - less
3. Not by deeds that win the crowd's ap - plaus - es, Not by works that
4. Dai - ly struggling, tho' unloved and lone - ly, Ev' - ry day a



2nd V.



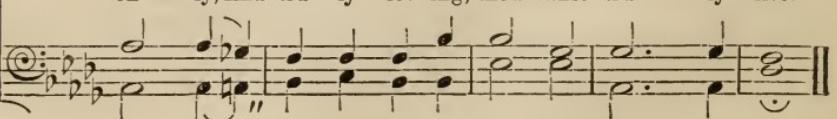
- un - attained, and dim ; While the beau-ti-ful, all round thee
 yearn-ings it would still ; Leaf and flow - er and la-den bee are
 give thee world-re-known, Not by mar-tyrdom or vaunt - ed
 rich re-war-d will give ; Thou wilt find, by heart-y striv - ing



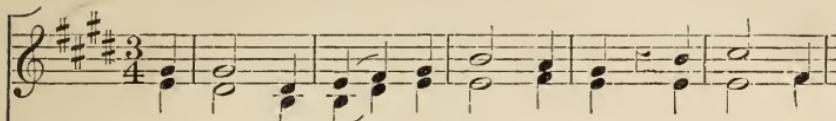
4th V.



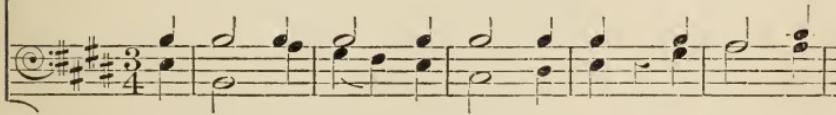
- ly - ing, Of - fers up its low, per - pet - ual hymn ?
 preach-ing, Thine own sphere, tho' hum - ble, first . . to fill.
 cross - es . . Canst thou win and wear th' im - mor - tal crown.
 on - ly, And tru - ly lov - ing, thou canst tru - ly live.



Lord MORPETH (Earl of Carlisle, 1802—1864). †



1. How lit - tle of . . our-selves we know Be - fore a
 2. The en - er - gies too stern for mirth, The reach of
 3. And yet 'tis when it mourns and fears, The load - ed



grief the heart has felt! The les - sons that we
 thought, the strength of will, 'Mid cloud and tem - pest
 spi - rit feels for-given; And through the mist of



learn of woe May brace the mind, as well as melt.
 have their birth, Through blight and blast their course ful - fil.
 fall - ing tears We catch the clear - est glimpse of heaven.



21.

8.8.4.8.8.4.

FREDK. M. WHITE.

Rev. J. T. WHITEHEAD. (Adapted.) *

1. Hours there will come of soul - less night, When
 2. Fear not the cloud that veils the skies, 'Tis

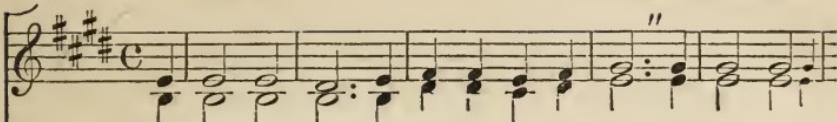
all that's ho - ly, all that's bright, Seems gone for
 out of dark - ness light must rise, As e'er of

aye: When truth and love, and hope and peace, All
 old: The true, the good, the fair en - dure, And

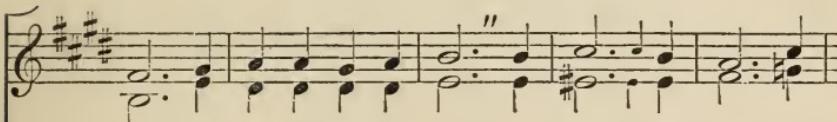
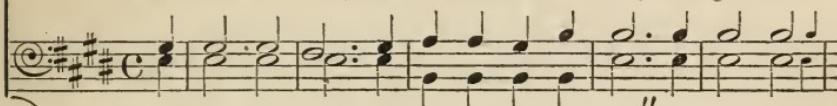
van - ish in - to no-thing-ness, And fade a - way.
 thou, with eyes less dim, more pure, Shalt them be - hold.

W. M. W. CALL, M.A.

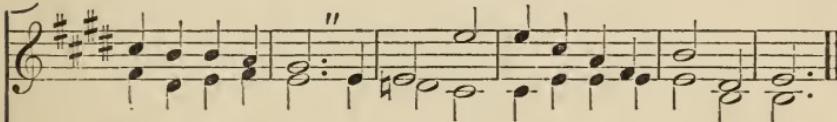
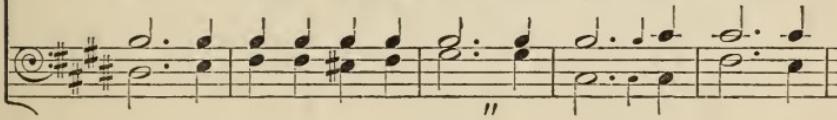
Rev. E. HUSBAND.*



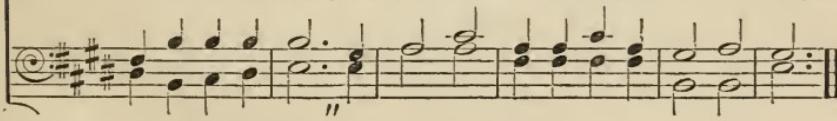
1. All grows, says Doubt, all falls, de-cays and dies; There is no
2. And yet, cries Hope, the world is deep and wide; . . . And the full
3. Not end-less life, but end-less love I crave, The glad-ness



se - cond life for flower or tree: O suf - fer-ing soul, be
cir - cle of our life ex - pands, . . . Broad'ning and bright'ning,
and the calm of ho - lier springs, The hope that makes men



humble and be wise, Nor dream new worlds have a-ny need of thee!
on an endless tide That ebbs and flows between these mys-tic lands.
re - so-lute and brave, The joy - ful life in the great life of things.



- 4 The soul that loves and works will need no praise;
But, fed with sunlight and with morning breath,
Will make our common days eternal days,
And fearless greet the mild and gracious death.

23.

8.3.3.6.

Sir JOHN BOWRING (1792—1872).

(Last two verses added.)

JOHN JEFFERY'S.†

1. Why should dream so dark and dreary Fill my thought?
 2. Is the sun in heaven no longer, When the rain
 3. Is the flow'ret's sleep eternal, When its cup,
 Is there nought, Nought to soothe the weary?
 Sweeps the plain? Soon he blazes strong(er).
 Fold-ed up, Waits the breez-es ver-nal?
 4 Why should man, then, child of Mourn his doom? [sorrow,
 Present gloom Never fear,
 Will be light to-morrow. Joy and care
 5 Even now all pain is fleeting; Join in constant greeting.
 6 And all noble deeds are tending Love and peace
 To increase; Joy shall be unending.

24.

8.7.8.7. D.

FRANCES DANA GAGE (1808—1884).

From HUMMEL (1778—1837).

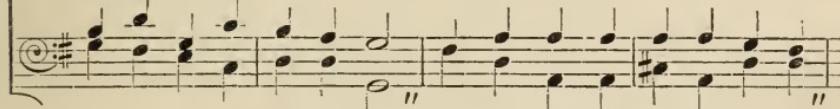
1. There are moments when life's sha-dows Fall all dark-ly
 2. Stand we firm in that dread mo-ment, Stand we firm, nor
 3. Firm-ly stand, though si-rens lure us; Firm-ly stand, though



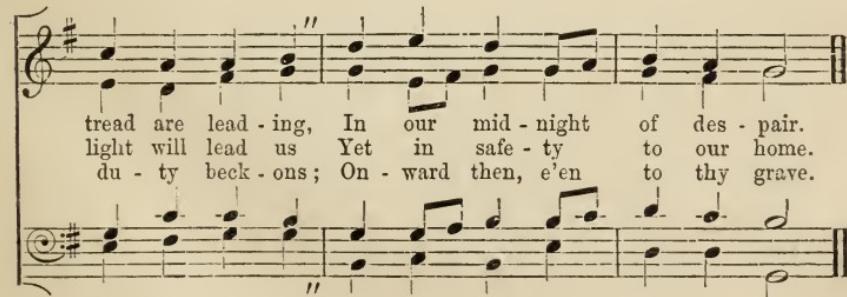
on the soul, Hid - ing stars of hope be - hind them
shrink a - way; Look - ing bold - ly through the dark-ness,
false-hood rail; Hold - ing jus - tice, truth, and mer - ey,



In a black, im - pervious scroll; When we walk with trembling footsteps,
Wait the com-ing of the day; Gath'ring strength while we are wait-ing
Die we may, but can-not fail: Fail! it is the word of cow-ards,



Scaree-ly know - ing how ór where, The dim paths we
For the con - flict yet to come; Fear not, fail not,
Fail! the lan - guage of the slave; Firm - ly stand, till



tread are lead - ing, In our mid - night of des - pair.
light will lead us Yet in safe - ty to our home.
du - ty beck - ons; On - ward then, e'en to thy grave.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1825—1864).

Poco lento.

†

1. Do not cheat thy heart and tell her, "Grief will pass a-way;
 2. Cheat her not with the old com-fort, "Soon she will for-get,"
 3. Ra-ther bid her go forth brave-ly And the strang-er greet;

*mf**p**cres.**dim.*

Hope for fair-er times in fu-ture And for-get to-day!"
 Bit-ter truth, a-las, but mat-ter Ra-ther for re-gret.
 Not as foe, with sword and buck-ler, But as dear friends meet:

*cres.**dim.**cres.*

Tell her, if you will, that sor-row Need not come in vain;
 Bid her not seek o-ther plea-sures, Turn to o-ther things,—
 Bid her with a strong clasp hold her By her dusk-y wings—

*cres.**" rit.*

Tell her that the les-son taught her Far out-weighs the pain.
 Ra-ther nurse her cag-ed sor-row Till the cap-tive sings.
 Listen-ing for the mur-mured bless-ing Sor-row al-ways brings.

p rit.

J. CROSS (1830). (Altered.)

T. A. JOHNSON.*

1. Star of Faith, when winds are mock-ing
 2. Star of Hope, gleam on the bil-low,
 3. Star of Truth, O safe-ly guide me

All my toil, I look to thee; . . . Save me, on the
 Bid my dark fore-bod-ings flee; . . . Soothe my rest-less
 To the ha-ven of the free; . . . Strong temp-ta-tions

bil-lows rock-ing, Shine, shine on me! . . . Shine, shine on me!
 heav-ing pil-low, Far, far at sea! . . . Far, far at sea!
 long have tried me, Shine, shine on me! . . . Shine, shine on me!

4 Star of Love, where thou art dwelling,
 There no siren song shall be;
 There no moaning, there no swelling,
 There, there's no sea!
 There, there's no sea!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (b. 1807).

UNISON.

HARMONY.

†

1. What is it that the crowd re - quite Thy
 2. Yet do thy work; it shall suc - ced In
 3. Faith shares the fu - ture's pro - mise; love's Self -

love with hate, thy truth with lies? And but to faith, and
 thine or in an - o - ther's day; And if de - nied the
 off -'ring is a tri - umph won; And each good thought or

not to sight, The walls of free-dom's tem - ple rise?
 vic - tor's meed, Thou shalt not lack the toil - er's pay.
 ac - tion moves The dark world near - er to the sun.

4 Then faint not, falter not, nor plead
 Thy weakness; truth itself is strong;
 The lion's strength, the eagle's speed
 Are not alone vouchsafed to wrong.

5 Thy nature, which through fire and flood
 To peace again finds out its way,
 Hath power to seek the highest good,
 And duty's holiest cause obey!

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888).

Mesto.

†

1. Creep in - to thy nar - row bed, Creep, and let no
 2. Let the long con - ten - tion cease! Geese are swans, and
 3. They out-talk'd thee,hiss'd thee, tore thee? Bet - ter men fared
 4. Charge once more then, and be dumb! Let the vic - tors,

more be said! Vain thy on - set! all stands fast, . . .
 swans are geese. Let them have it as they will . . .
 thus be - fore thee; Fir'd their ring - ing shot, and pass'd,
 when they come, When the forts of fol - ly fall, . . .

Thou thy - self must break at . . . last!
 Thou art tir - ed; best be . . . still.
 Hot - ly charg'd—and sank at . . . last.
 Find thy bo - dy near the . . . wall!

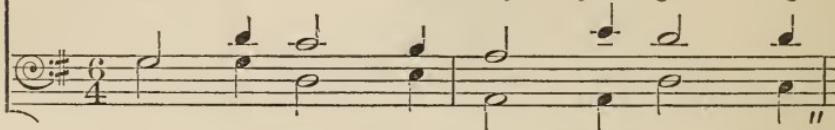
*pp rall.**rall.*

E. TOZER.

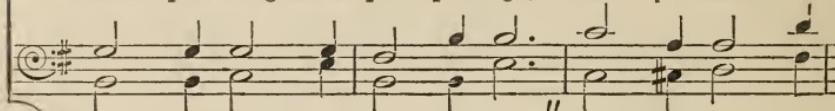
Rev. J. T. WHITEHEAD.*



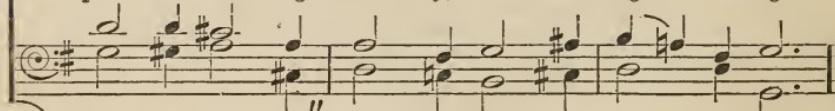
1. Gent - ly fall the ev - 'ning sha - dows
 2. Whis - p'reng leaves in light winds quiv - er,
 3. Have we in the day just go - ing



O'er the hills and o'er the plains, Cat - tle slum - ber
 Moon-beams flush the si - lent grove, Stars gleam on the
 Breathed pure thoughts and pur - pose high, Used the hours now



in the mea-dows, Hushed are now the wild bird's strains.
 brim - ming riv - er, Earth is wrapped in folds of love.
 past us flow - ing Wise - ly, ere the night draws nigh?



4 On our hearts sweet peace is falling
 Softly, like the shades of night,
 And to each a voice is calling,
 "Be thou faithful to the right."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (b. 1807).

mf

1. The pre - sent, the pre - sent is all thou hast
 2. Like warp and woof all des - ti - nies
 3. Pluck one thread, and the web ye mar;

"^t
"4th V.

cres.

For thy sure pos - sess - ing; Like the patriarch's an - gel . . .
 Are . . . wo - ven fast. . . . Link'd in sym - pa-thy
 Break but . . . one . . . Of a thou-sand keys, and the

cres.

ff

hold it fast . . . Till it gives its bless - ing.
 like the keys . . . Of an or - gan vast . . .
 pain - ing jar Through all will run . . .

- 4 O restless spirit! wherefore strain
 Beyond thy sphere? [pain,
 Heav'n and hell, with their joy and
 Are now and here.
- 5 Back to thyself is measured well
 All thou hast given; [hell,
 Thy neighbour's wrong is thy present
 His bliss, thy heaven.

- 6 Then of what is to be, and of what is done,
 Why queriest thou?
 The past and the time to be are one,
 And both are now!

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1825—1864).

T. A. WILLIS.*

1. One by one the sands are flowing,
2. One by one thy duties wait thee,

One by one the moments fall, Some are coming,
Let thy whole strength go to each; Let no future

some are going, Do not strive to grasp them all;
dreams e - late thee, Learn thou first what these can teach.

3 One by one thy griefs shall meet thee, 4 Do not linger with regretting,
Do not fear an arm'd band; Or for passing hours despond;
One will fade as others greet thee, Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Shadows passing through the land. Look too eagerly beyond.

5 Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
When each gem is set with care.

Rev. T. W. CHIGNELL.

1. Morn-ing break-eth on thee, Fresh life's pul-ses beat
 2. Day is all be-fore thee, Van-ished is the night;
 3. As thro' mist and va-pour Breaks the morn-ing sun,

Earth and sky new kind-led Once a-gain to greet:
 Wouldst thou aught ac-com-plish—Look to-ward the light:
 Shine and work, thou spi-rit, Till thy task is done:

With a thou-sand voi-ces Woods and val-leys sound,
 Let a might-y pur-pose In thee stir and live,
 When from far-theest hill-top Fades the fire of day,

Leaf and flow'r with dew-drops Spar-kle all . . . a-round.
 Af-ter high-est be-ing Ev-er-more . . . to strive.
 Blest in bless-ing oth-ers Shalt thou pass . . . a-way.

THOMAS CARLYLE (1795—1881).

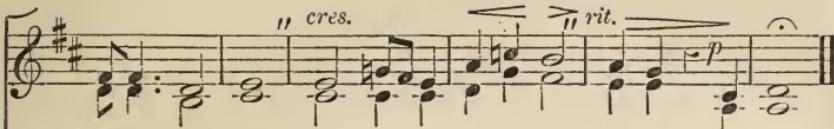
†

1. So here hath been dawn - ing Au - o - ther blue day :
 2. So here hath been dawn - ing An - o - ther blue day :

Think, wilt thou let it slip, Use - less a - way? Out of e -
 Think, wilt thou let it slip, Use - less a - way? Be - hold it a -

ter - ni - ty This new day is born; In - to e - ter-ni - ty At
 - fore - time No eye ev - er did; So soon it for ev - er From

night will re - turn. So here hath been dawn - ing An -
 all eyes is hid; So here hath been dawn - ing An -



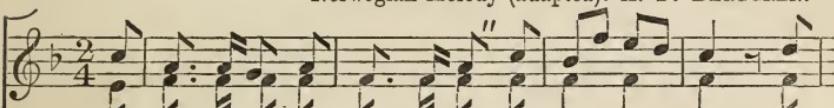
oth-er blue day, Think, wilt thou let it slip Use-less a-way?
oth-er blue day, Think, wilt thou let it slip Use-less a-way?



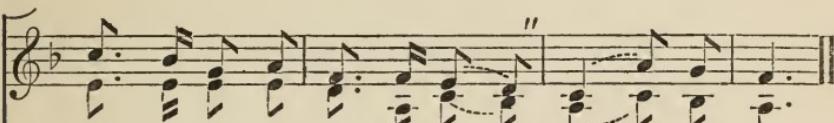
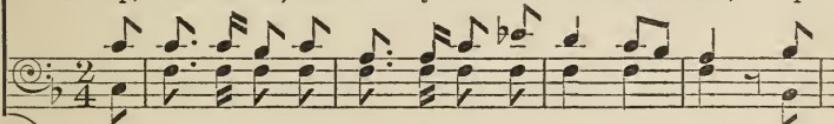
34.

8.4.8.4.

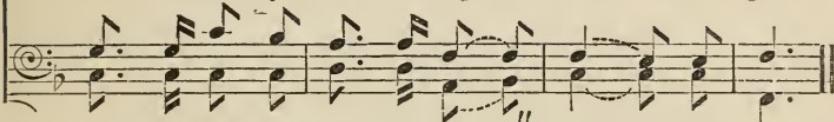
Norwegian Melody (adapted). A. P. BERGGREN.



1. A - rise, my soul! nor dream the hours Of life a - way; A -
2. The do - er, not the dream - er,breaks The bale - ful spell, Which
3. Up, soul! or war,with fie - ry feet Will tread down men; Up!



- rise! and do thy be - ing's work While yet 'tis day.
binds with i - ron bands the earth On which we dwell.
or his blood - y hands will reap The earth . . . a - gain.



4 Oh dreamer wake! your brother man 5 The brow of wrong is laurel-crowned,
Is still a slave; Not girt with shame:
And thousands go heart-crushed this And love and truth and right as yet
Unto the grave. [morn] Are but a name.

6 From out time's urn your golden hours
Flow fast away;—
Then dreamer up! and do life's work
While yet 'tis day.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822—1888.)

†

1. Wea - ry of my - self, and sick of ask - ing What I
 2. And a look of pas - sion-ate de - sire .. O'er the
 3. "Ah, once more," I cried, "ye stars, ye wa - ters, On my

am, and what I ought to be, At the ves - sel's prow I
 sea and to the stars I send: "Ye who from my child-hood
 heart, your might-y charm re - new! Still, still let me, as I

stand, which bears me For-wards, for-wards, o'er the star-lit sea.
 up have calmed me, Calm me, ah, com - pose me to the end."
 gaze up - on you, Feel my soul be - com-ing vast like you."

dim. p rit.

- 4 From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven
 Over the lit sea's unquiet way,
 In the rustling night-air came the answer
 "Would'st thou *be* as they—are? *Live* as they."
- 5 "Unaffrighted by the silence round them,
 Undistracted by the sights they see,
 These demand not that the things without them
 Yield them love, amusement, sympathy."
- 6 "And with joy the stars perform their shining,
 And the sea its long moon-silvered roll.
 Why? self-poised they live, nor pine with noting
 All the fever of some differing soul."
- 7 "Bounded by themselves, and unregardful
 In what state God's other works may be,
 In their own tasks all their powers pouring,
 These attain the mighty life ye see."

Translated from GOETHE.

German.

1. With - out haste, and with - out rest:—Bind the mot - to
 2. Haste not—let - no thought-less deed Mar the spi - rit's
 3. Rest not—life is sweep - ing by, Do and dare be-

mf

to thy breast, Bear it with thee as a spell;
 stea - dy speed; Pon - der well and know the right,
 - fore you die; Some - thing wor - thy and sub - lime

Storm or sun - shine, guard it well! Heed not flowers that
 On - ward then with all thy might; Haste not, years can
 Leave be - hind to con-quer time: Glo - rious 'tis to

round thee bloom, Bear it on - ward to the tomb!
 ne'er a tone For one reck - less ac - tion done!
 live for aye When these forms have passed a - way.

4 Haste not—rest not—calmly wait,
 Meekly bear the storms of fate ;
 Duty be thy polar guide,
 Do the right whate'er betide ;
 Haste not—rest not—conflicts past,
 Peace shall crown thy work at last !

37.

6.4.6.4. D.

LEWIS MORRIS (1833—).

†

1. Who so can rule his soul In pru - dence still ; Who can his
 2. He shall new pleasures find, More fruit - ful far, Than for th' un -
 3. For in his soul one voice A - lone is heard Which bids his

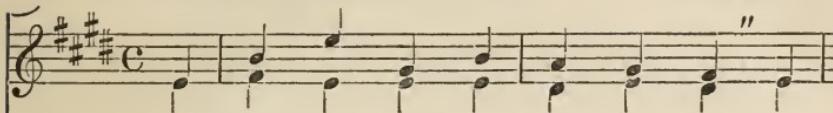
heart control, His thought, his will ; Seek-ing the gold-en mean, To
 - dis- ci-plined And sen - sual are ; A king - dom ab - so-lute, A
 being re-joice, One per - fect word, Stronger than heat-ed youth, Migh-

du - ty vowed,—Ay, tho' black depths between Roar dark and loud ;
 wi - der sway, Than his whom my-riads mute And blind o - bey.
 - tier than wrong—The god - like voice of truth, A con - stant song.

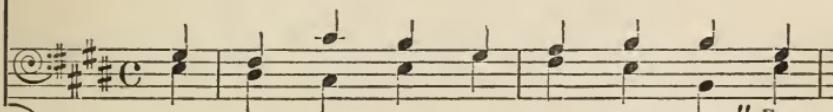
- 4 Silence all discords loud
 Within the breast !
 Fly from the troubled crowd
 To peace and rest !
 And let th' enfranchised soul
 From self set free,
 Find in Right's dread control
 True liberty.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, Cardinal (1801—1890).

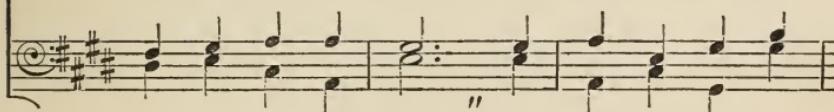
Old Tune (1621).



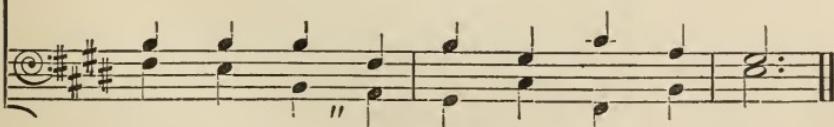
1. Prune thou thy words, the thoughts con - trol That
 2. But he who lets his feel - ings run In
 3. Faith's mean - est deed more fa - vour bears, Where



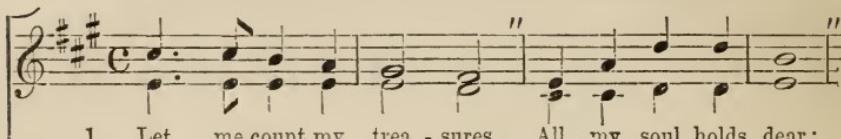
o'er thee swell and throng; They will con-dense with -
 soft lux - u - rious flow, Shrinks when hard ser - vice
 hearts and wills are weighed, Than bright - est trans-ports,



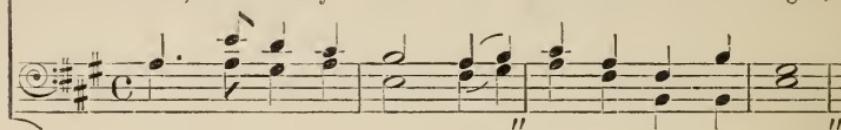
- in thy soul, And change to pur - pose strong.
 must be done, And faints at ev - 'ry woe.
 choic - est pray'rs, Which bloom their hour and fade



ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1825—1864). Rev. J. T. WHITEHEAD (Adapted).*



1. Let me count my trea - sures, All my soul holds dear:
 2. Through long days of an - guish And sad nights, did pain,
 3. Doubt, in mist - y cav - erns 'Mid dark hor - rors sought;



Given me by dark spi - rits Whom I used to fear.
 Forge my shield—en - dur-ance—Bright and free from stain.
 Till my peer - less jew - el—Faith—to me she brought.



4 Sorrow, that I wearied
 Should remain so long,
 Wreathed my starry glory—
 The bright crown of song.

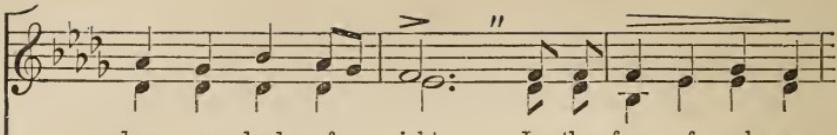
5 Strife, that racked my spirit
 Without hope or rest,
 Left the blooming flower—
 Patience—on my breast.

6 Suffering, that I dreaded,
 Ignorant of her charms,
 Laid the fair child—pity—
 Smiling, in my arms.

7 So I count my treasures,
 Stored in days long past:
 And I thank the givers
 Whom I know at last!

EDWIN HATCH, D.D. (1835—1889).





- - nies: To have sown in the souls of men One

thought that will not die— To have been a link in the

chain of life: Shall be im-mor-tal i - ty.

2.—Of Social Life.

41.

8.7.8.7.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807—1882).

JOHN MORLAND.

1. Tell me not in mourn - ful num - bers,
2. Life is re - al! Life is earn - est!
3. Not en - joy - ment, and not sor - row,

"Life is but an emp - ty dream;" For the soul is
And the grave is not its goal; "Dust thou art, to
Is our de - stined end or way; But to act, that

dead that slum - bers, And things are not what they seem.
dust re - turn - est," Was not spo - ken of the soul.
each to - mor - row Find us far - ther than to - day.

4 Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and
brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

5 Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime;
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot-prints on the sands of time.

6 Foot-prints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
Some forlorn and shipwrecked
brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

7 Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

1. Live for some-thing; be not i - dle, Look a - bout thee
 2. Seat - ter bless - ings in your path-way,—Gen - tle words and
 3. Hearts that are op - pressed and wear - y, Drop the tear of

for em - ploy; Sit not down to use - less dreaming,
 cheer - ing smiles; Bet - ter far than gold and sil - ver
 sym - pa - thy; Whis - per words of hope and com - fort,

La - bour is the sweet - est joy. Fold - ed hands are
 Are their grief - dis - pel - ling wiles. As the plea - sant
 Give, and thy re - ward shall be Joy un - to thy

ev - er wear - y, Self - ish hearts are nev - er gay;
 sun - shine fall - eth Ev - er on the grate - ful earth,
 soul re - turn - ing, From this per - fect foun - tain-head;

Life for thee hath ma - ny du - ties— Ac - tive be, then,
 So let sym - pa - thy and kind - ness Glad - den well the
 Free - ly as thou free - ly giv - est, Shall the grate - ful
 while you may, Act - tive be, then, while . . . you may.
 dark - ened hearth, Glad - den well the dark - ened hearth.
 light be shed, Shall the grate - ful light . . . be shed.

43.

7.7.7.7.

Rev. STEPHEN GREENLEAF BULFINCH
(1809—1870).

J. H. KNECHT (1752—1817).

1. There's a strife we all must wage, From life's entrance to its
 2. What our foes? Each thoughtim - pure; Passions fierce that tear the
 3. Ev - 'ry suf - fering which our hand Can with soothing care as -
 close; Blest the bold who dare en - gage, Woe for him who seeks re - pose.
 soul; Ev - 'ry ill that we can cure; Ev - 'ry crime we can con-trol;
 suage; Ev - 'ry e - vil of our land; Ev - 'ry er - ror of our age.

Deciso.

1. Life is on-ward—use it With a for-ward aim;
 2. Life is on-ward—heed it In each var-ied dress,
 3. Life is on-ward—nev - er Look up - on the past,

Toil is heaven-ly, choose it And its war - fare claim.
 Your own act can speed it On to hap - pi - ness.
 It would hold you ev - er In its fet - ters fast.

Look not to an - oth - er To per - form your will,
 His bright pin - ion o'er you, Time waves not in vain,
 Ne'er for - bode new sor - row, Bear that of to - day;

Let not your own bro - ther Keep your warm hand still.
 If hope chants be - fore you Her pro - phet - ic strain.
 Thou shalt see the mor - row Chase the clouds a - way.

4 Life is onward—treasure
 Its eternal part,
 Give it without measure
 All thy strength of heart.

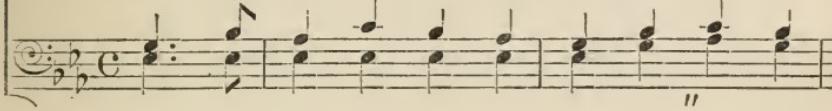
Life is onward—prize it,
 Sunlit or in storm ;
 Oh do not despise it
 In its humblest form !

FREDK. M. WHITE.

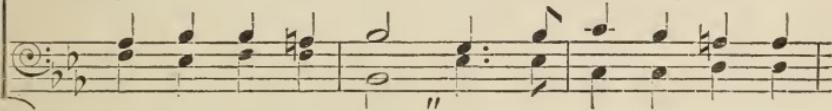
Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus. D. (1823—1870).*



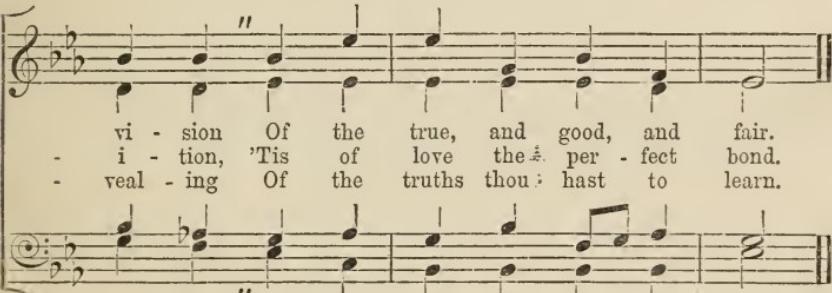
1. Work! it is thy high - est mis - sion, Work! all
 2. 'Tis of know - ledge the con - di - tion, Op - 'ning
 3. Work! by la - bour comes th'un - seal - ing Of the



bless-ing cen - tres there; Work for cul - ture, for the
 still new fields be - yond; 'Tis of thought the full fru -
 thoughts that in thee burn; Comes in ac - tion the re -



vi - sion Of the true, and good, and fair.
 i - tion, 'Tis of love the per - fect bond.
 - veal - ing Of the truths thou : hast to learn.



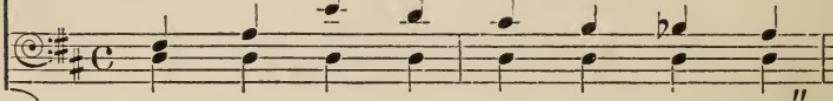
4 Work! in helping loving union
 With thy brethren of mankind ;
 With the foremost hold communion,
 Succour those who toil behind.

5 Our Bethesda-pool of sorrow ;
 Healer of the ills of life ;
 Prophet of a brighter morrow ;
 Door of hope and end of strife.

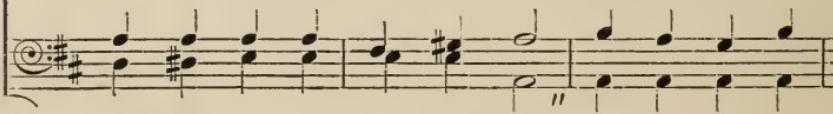
6 For true work can never perish ;
 And thy followers in the way
 For thy works thy name shall cherish ;—
 Work! while it is called to-day



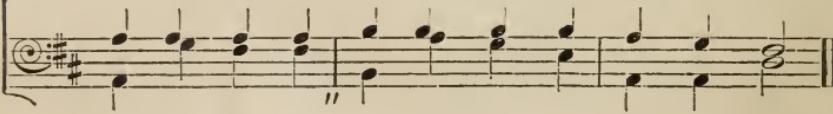
1. All a - round us, fair with flow - ers,
 2. Fol - low - ing ev'ry voice of mer - ey
 3. Now, to - day, and not to - mor - row,



Fields of beau - ty sleep - ing lie; All a - round us
 With a trust - ing, lov - ing heart, Let us in life's
 Let us work with all our might, Lest the wretch - ed



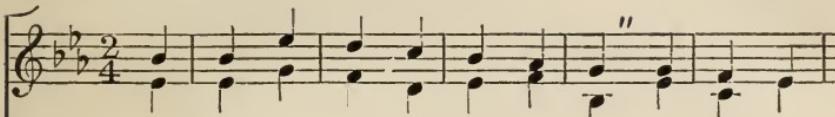
clar - ion voi - ces Call to du - ty stern and high.
 earn - est la - bour Still be sure to do our part.
 faint and per - ish In the com - ing storm - y night.



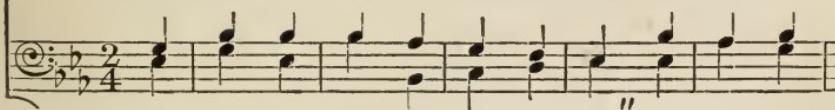
4 Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,
 Lest, before to-morrow's sun,
 We too, mournfully departing,
 Shall have left our work undone.

Rev. HORATIUS BONAR, D.D. (1808—1889).

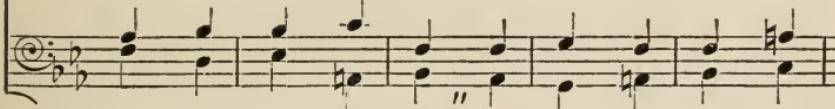
German.



1. He liv - eth long, who liv - eth well, All else is
 2. Be wise and use thy wis - dom well, Who wis - dom
 3. Sow truth if thou the true would'st reap, Who sows the



life but flung a - way; He liv - eth long - est,
 speaks, must live it too; He is the wis - est
 false shall reap the vain; E - rect and sound thy



who can tell Of true things tru - ly done each day.
 who can tell How first he lived, then spake, the true.
 con-science keep, From hol - low words and deeds re - frain.



- 4 Sow love and taste its fruitage pure,
 Sow peace and reap its harvest bright;
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
 And find a harvest-home of light.

Lord HOUGHTON (Monckton Milnes, 1809-1885). †

1. We all must work, with head or hand, For self or oth - ers,
 2. Then in con - tent pos - sess your hearts, Un - en - vious of each

good or ill; Life is or-dain'd to bear, likeland, Some fruit, be fal - low
 oth-er's lot; For those which seem the easiest parts Have travail which ye

as it will. E - vil has force it - self to sow
 reck - on not. And he is brav - est, hap - piest, best,

Where we de - ny the health - y seed, And all our choice is
 Who from the task with - in his span Earns for him - self his

dim. e rit.

this,-- to grow Pas-ture and grain, or noi - some weed.
even - ing rest, And an in - crease of good for man.

dim. e rit.

49.

7.7.7.7.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
(1807-1882).? THIBAUT, King of Navarre
(d. 1254).

1. All are ar - chi - tects of fate, Work - ing in these walls of
2. No - thing use - less is or low, Each thing in its place is
3. For the structure that we raise Time is with ma - te - rials

time ; Some with massive deed and great, Some with or - nam ents of rhyme.
best ; And what seems but i - dle show, Strengthens and supports the rest.
filled ; Our to - days and yes - ter - days Are the blocks with which we build.

4 Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure
Shall to-morrow find its place.

50.

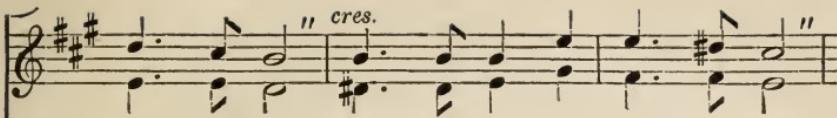
8.7.8.7.7.7.7.7.

JOSEF TROUSSELLE.*

1. There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish While the days are
2. There's no time for i - dle scorn-ing While the days are
3. All the lov - ing links that bind us While the days are

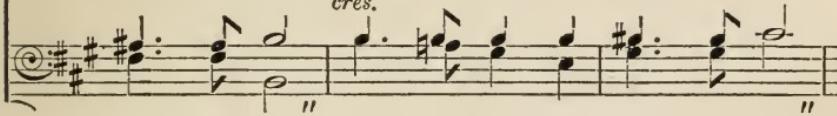
go - ing by; There are wea - ry souls who pe - rish
 go - ing by; Be our fa - ces like the morn-ing
 go - ing by, One by one we leave be - hind us

While the days are go - ing by: If a smile we
 While the days are go - ing by: Oh the world is
 While the days are go - ing by: But the seeds of

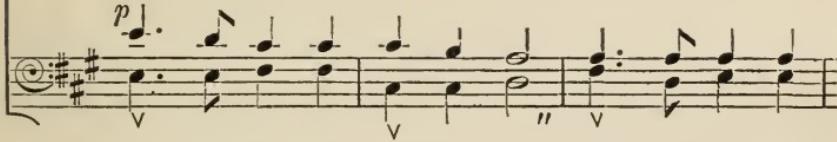


can re-new As our jour-ney we pur-sue,
full of sighs, Full of sad and weep-ing eyes;
good we sow Both in sun and shade will grow,

cres.



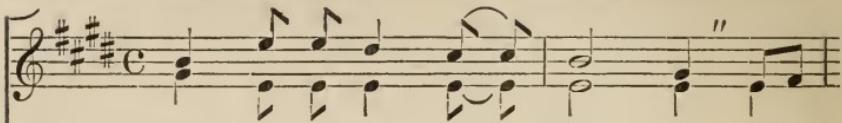
Oh the good we all may do While the days are
Help the fall-en one to rise While the days are
And will keep our hearts a-glow While the days are



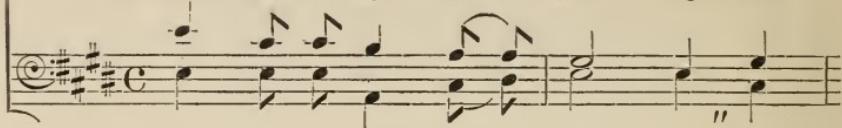
go-ing by, While the days are go-ing by!
go-ing by, While the days are go-ing by.
go-ing by, While the days are go-ing by.



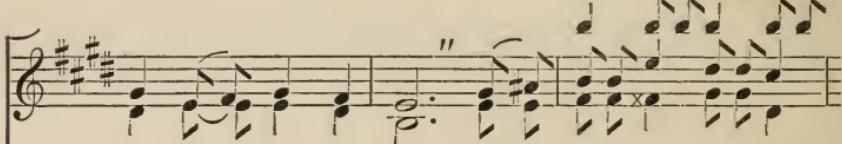
ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1825—1864). BERTHOLD TOURS (b. 1838).*



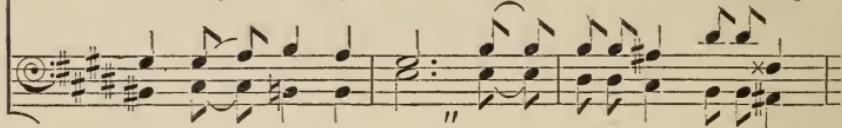
1. Rise! for the day is . . . pass - ing; And
 2. Rise! from your dreams of the fu - ture— Of
 3. Rise! if the past de - tains you, Her
 4. Rise! for the day is . . . pass - ing; The



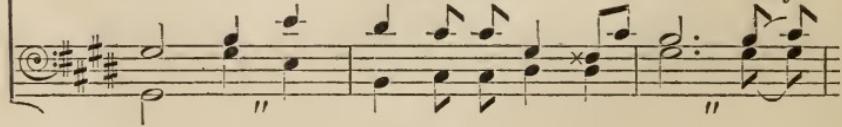
3rd V. 3rd & 4th V.



you lie . . . dream-ing on; The others have buckled their
 gain-ing some hard-fought field, Of . . . storming some air - y
 sunshine and storms for - get; No chains so unwor - thy to
 sound that you scarce-ly hear Is the en - e-my marching to



ar - mour, And forth to the fight are gone; A . .
 for - tress, Or bid - ding some gi - ant yield. Your
 hold you, As those of a vain re - gret. Sad or
 bat - tle—A - rise! for the foe is here! Stay





place in the ranks a - waits you, Each
fu - ture has deeds of glo - ry, Of . .
bright, she is life - less ev - er; Cast her
not to . . sharp - en your wea - pons, Or the



man has some part to play, The past and the fu - ture are
hon - our (God grant it may!) But your arm will nev - er be
phan - tom arms a - way, Nor look back, save to learn the
hour will strike at last When, from dreams of a com - ing



no - thing In the face of the stern to - day!
strong - er, Or the need so . . great as to - day!
les - son Of a no - bler.. strife to - day!
bat - tle, You may wake to . . find it . . past.



FREDK. BURRINGTON.

Last V.

Rev. E. HUSBAND.*

1. Ye mo - ments of e - ter - nal time That
 2. Ye reap what form - er mo - ments sowed, And,
 3. And while ye sing - ly troop a - long, Un -

Last V.

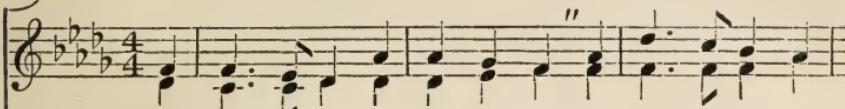
ev - er come and go, And bear to ev - 'ry
 as ye on - ward sweep, Drop in your course the
 - check'd, re - lent - less, fast, Th'e - ter - nal spi - rit

coast and clime Your freights of weal and woe.
 seeds a - broad Which af - ter mo - ments reap.
 of your song Is fu - ture-pre - sent past.

4 With eye of sense we only see
 The present moment's scope;
 The past exists in memory,
 The future lives in hope.

5 Seize on the present, earnest mind !
 Call up your noblest pow'rs,
 Dare to be swift,—we can but find
 The passing moment ours !

Sir JOHN BOWRING (1792—1872). Sir JOHN STAINER, Mus. D. (b. 1840).*



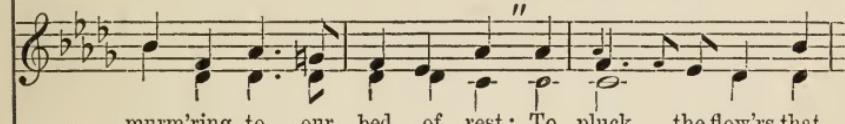
1. What is our du - ty here? To tend From good to bet - ter,
2. And so to live that when the sun Of our life's day shall



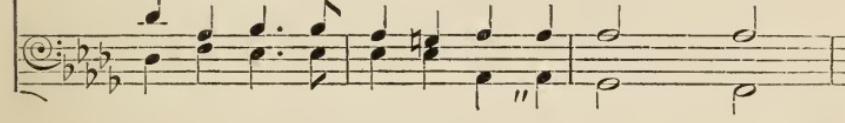
thence to best; Grate - ful to drink life's cup, then bend Un -
sink in night, Me - mo - ri - als sweet of mer - cies done May



VOICES IN UNISON.



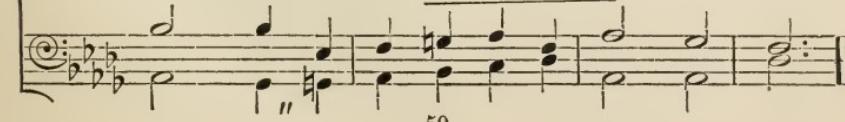
murm'ring to our bed of rest; To pluck the flow'rs that
shrine our names in mem'ry's light, And the blest seeds we



HARMONY.



round us blow, Scat - t'reng their fra-grance as we go.
scat-ter'd bloom A thou - sand fold in years to come.



54.

5.4.5.4. D.

JOHN SULLIVAN DWIGHT.

Dr. LOWELL MASON (1792—1872).

1. Sweet is the plea - sure It - self can - not spoil:
 2. Wouldst be - hold beau - ty Near thee? all a - round?
 3. 'Tis the brook's mo - tion, Clear with - out strife,

Is not true lei - sure One with true toil?
 On - ly hath du - ty Such a sight found.
 Flee - ing to o - cean Af - ter its life.

Thou that wouldst taste . . . it, Still do thy best;
 Rest is not quit - ing The bu - sy ca - reer;
 Deep - er de - vo - tion No - where hath knelt;

Use it, not waste . . . it Else 'tis no rest.
 Rest is the fit - ting Of self to its sphere.
 Full - er e - mo - tion Heart nev - er felt.

4 Sweet is the pleasure
 Itself cannot spoil:
 Is not true leisure
 One with true toil?

'Tis loving and serving
 The highest and best:
 'Tis onwards, unswerving!—
 And that is true rest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1803—1853).

W. C. FILEY (b. 1836).
(Adap'ted by permission).*

1. Sow in the morn thy seed, . . . At
 2. Be - side all wa - ters sow, . . . The
 3. The good, the fruit - ful ground, . . . Ex .

eve hold not thine hand; To doubt and fear give
 high-way fur - rows stock; Cast it where thorns and
 - pect not here nor there; O'er hill and dale, by
 cres.

thou no heed, Broad - cast it o'er the land.
 this - tles grow, Cast it up - on the rock.
 plots 'tis found; Go forth, then, ev - 'ry - where.
 dim. cres.

- 4 And duly shall appear,
 In verdure, beauty, strength.
 The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
 And the full corn at length.
- 5 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
 Light, heat, and moisture, all
 Shall foster and mature the grain,
 For harvest in the fall.

56.

7.6.7.6. 8.6.8.6. 7.6.7.6.

; Words from "Band of Hope Song Book."

With spirit.

mf 1. Come, friends, the world wants mend - ing, Let none sit down and
 2. Though you can do but lit - tle, That lit - tle's something
 3. Be kind to those a - round you, To char - i - ty hold

mf

rest, still, fast, But seek to work like he - roes, And You'll find a way for some - thing, If Let each think first of oth - ers, And

" " " "

no - bly do your best. Do what you can for you but have the will. Now brave - ly fight for leave him - self till last. Act as you would that

mp

" " " "

fel - low-man, With hon - est heart and true; } Much what is right, And strength will be in you; } oth - ers should Act al - ways un - to you; }

" " " "

cres.

may be done by ev' - ry one—There's work for all to

cres.

" " >

REFRAIN (*with Full harmonies*). > "

do. Come, friends, the world wants mend - ing! Let

f. " " > "

none sit down and rest, But seek to work like

" " >

" S. >

he - roes, And no - bly do your best.

Or (if too high). >

And no - bly do your best.

" " > "

EDWARD CAPERN (1819—).

†

1. 'Tis not by dream-ing and de-lay, But
 2. Be sa-tis-fied that thou art right, And
 3. In na-ture's bound-less u-ni-verse, Thou

do-ing some-thing ev'-ry day, That wins the lau-rel
 that thy deed will bear the light, Then ex-e-cute it
 wilt not see that dread-ful curse, An at-om to its

and the bay, And crowns the work of du-ty.
 with thy might, For that will be thy du-ty.
 work a-verse, An i-dler shirk-ing du-ty.

4 The planets as they roll on high,
 The river as it rusheth by,
 For ever and for ever cry,
 "On, man, and do thy duty!"

5 All, all is working everywhere,
 In earth, in heaven, in sea, and air,
 And nothing indolent is there
 To mar the perfect duty.

EBEN. E. REXFORD (1875). (Slightly altered.)
With energy.

†

1. Rouse up to work that waits for us, O spend-thrifts of to -
2. Shake off the sloth that fet - ters us, Put on the will that
3. No no - bler he - ro in the fight, Since bat - tle-fields be -

- day! We'll make our dai - ly re - cord A grand one while we
wins: The bat - tle, for the earn - est, In their own heart be -
gan, Than he who serves the right, And does the best he

REFRAIN.

may.
- gins. } There's work to do, there's work to do, To help our fel - low -
can,

- man, In earth's great field of la - bour, We'll do the best we can.

4 So work while day is passing;

And at life's setting sun,

When all our sheaves are gathered,

Shall truest peace be won.

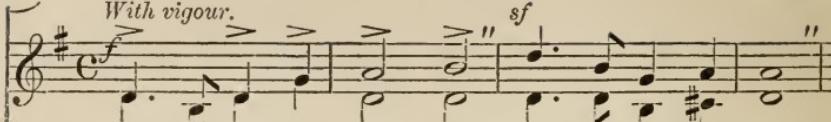
59.

6.5.6.5. (12 lines.)

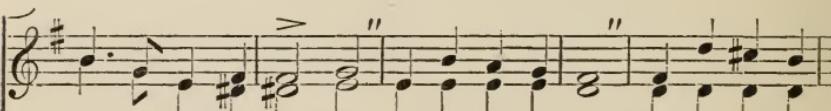
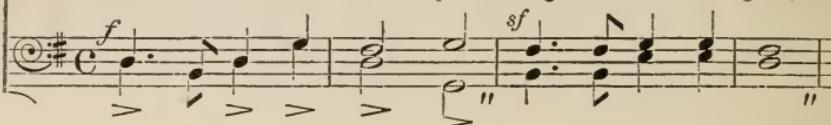
GUSTAV SPILLER.

With vigour.

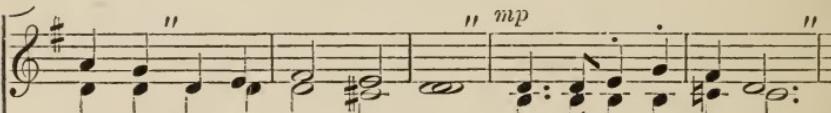
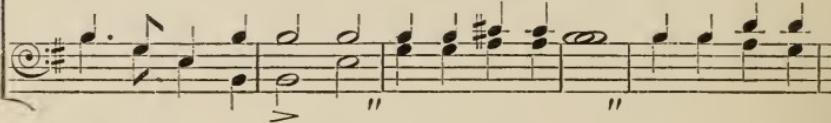
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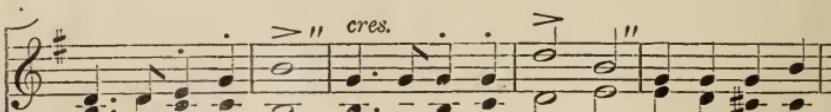
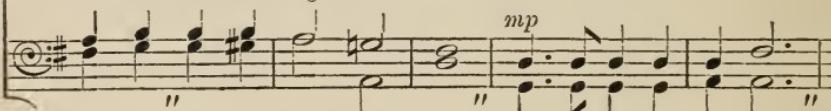
1. Raise your stand - ard, bro - thers, High - er still and higher!
2. Work for man's sal - va - tion, Work with might and main;
3. Rest not till with - in you Strength of vir - tue grow,



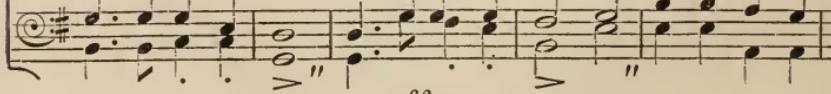
Let the thought of jus - tice All your deeds in - spire! Let your eyes be
 Lift the poor and fall - en To a high-er plane; Purge from law and
 Till with streams of kind - ness Heart and mind o'er-flow, Till a sense of

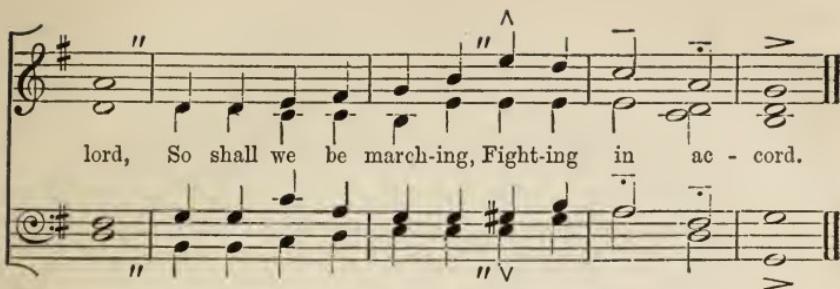


kind-ling With a love - lit fire! }
 cus - tom Each and ev - ry stain. } Vir - tue for our ar - mour,
 kin-dred Bind both high and low.



Jus - tice for our sword, Hu - man love our mas - ter, Hu - man love our



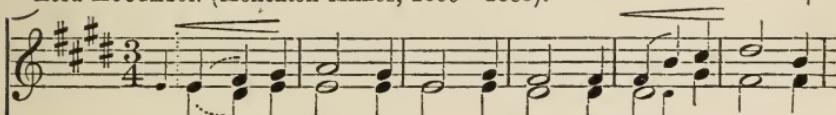


4 Fight till you have silenced
 All the rebel throng,
 Silenced lawless passions
 Luring men to wrong—
 Fight till all things human
 To the Right belong.
 Virtue, &c.

60.

8.8.8.

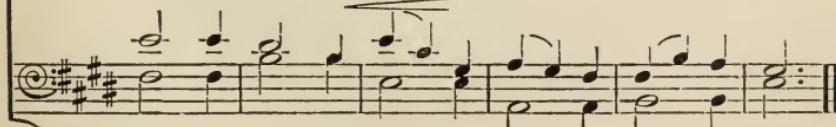
Lord HOUGHTON (Monckton Milnes, 1809—1885). †



1. So should we live that ev-'ry hour May die as dies the
2. That ev-'ry thought and ev-'ry deed May hold with-in it -
3. Es-teem - ing sor - row, whose em - ploy . . Is to de - ve - lop,



nat - ural flow'r, A self - re - viv - ing thing of pow'r.
 self the seed Of fu - ture good and fu - ture need;
 not des - troy, Far bet - ter than a bar - ren joy.



JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (b. 1807).

Adapted from Norwegian
Melody. W. THRANE.*Lento.*

1. From th' e-ter - nal sha - dow round-ing, All un - sure and
 2. Let us draw their man-tles o'er us, Which have fall - en

star - light here, Voi - ces of our lost ones sound-ing,
 in the way, Let us do the work be - fore us

Bid us be of heart and cheer, Thro' the si-lence, down the
 Calm - ly, brave - ly, while we may, Ere the long night si - lence

spa - ces, Fall - ing on the in - ward ear.
 com - eth, And with us it is not day.

62.

8.8.8.8.8.

Sir J. BOWRING (1792—1872).

From BEETHOVEN (1770—1827).

1. There is in ev - ry hu - man heart Some
 2. And sweet it is the growth to trace Of
 3. The heart of man's a soil which breeds, Or

not com - plete - ly bar - ren part, Where seeds of love and
 worth, of in - tel - lect, of grace, In bo - soms where our
 sweet-est flow'rs or vil - est weeds; Flow'rs, love - ly as the

truth might grow, And flow'rs of gen'rous vir - tue blow; To
 la - bours first Bid the young seed of spring - time burst, And
 morn - ing's light: Weeds, dead-ly as the a - co - nite; Just

plant, to watch, to wa - ter there, This be our du - ty, this our care.
 lead it on from hour to hour To ri - pen in - to per-fect flow'r.
 as his heart is trained to bear The poisonous weed or flow'ret fair.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW
(1807—1882).

Dr. MAINZER (1801—1851.)

1. Saint Au - gus - tine has tru - ly said That
2. All com - mon things, each day's e - vents That
3. The long - ing for ig - no - ble things, The

of our vi - ces we can frame A lad - der, if we
with the hour be - gin and end; Our plea - sures and our
strife for tri - umph more than truth; The hard - ning of the

will but tread Be - neath our feet each deed of shame.
dis - con - tents Are steps by which we may as - cend.
heart that brings Ir - rev - 'rence for the dreams of youth :

4 All these must first be trampled down 5 The heights by great men reached and kept,

Beneath our feet, if we would gain Were not attained by sudden flight;
In the bright fields of fair renown But they, while their companions slept,
The right of eminent domain. Were toiling upwards in the night.

6 Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and down-cast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies.

EDMUND GOSSE (1849—).

†

1. Cling to the fly - ing hours, and yet Let
 2. Here in the au - tumn months of time, Be -

one pure hope, one firm de - sire, Like song on dy - ing
 fore the great new year can break, Some lit - tle way our

lips be set— That ere we fall in scatter'd fire, Our
 feet should climb, Some lit - tle mark our words should make For

hearts may lift . . . the world's heart higher.
 li - ber - ty And . . . man - hood's sake.

CHARLES MACKAY (1814—1889).

Con brio.

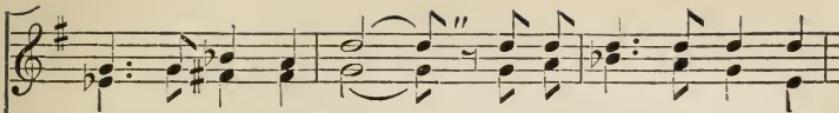
†

1. Men of thought, be up and stir - ring, Night and day:
 2. Once the wel - come light has bro - ken, Who shall say
 3. Lo! a cloud's a - bout to van - ish From the day;

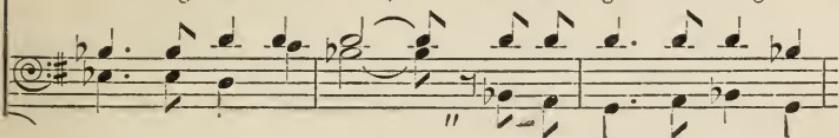
Sow the seed— with - draw the cur - tain— Clear the way!
 What the un - i - ma-gined glo - ries Of the day?
 And a bra - zen wrong to crum - ble In - to clay.

Men of ac - tion, aid and cheer them, As ye
 What the e - vil that shall per - ish In its
 Lo! the right's a - bout to con - quer, Clear the

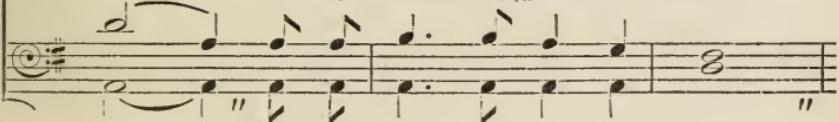
may! There's a fount a - bout to stream, There's a
 ray? Aid the dawn - ing, tongue and pen; . . . Aid it,
 way! With the right shall ma - ny more . . . En - ter



light a - bout to beam, . . . There's a warmth a - bout to
hopes of hon - est men; . . . Aid it, pa - per-aid it,
smil - ing at the door; . . . With the gi - ant wrong shall



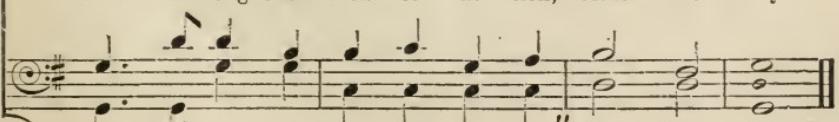
" glow, . . . There's a flow'r a - bout to blow; . . .
type. . . Aid it, for the hour is ripe, . . .
fall . . . Ma - ny oth - ers, [great and small, . . .



There's a mid - night black-ness chang-ing In - to grey;
And our earn - est must not slack - en In - to play.
That for a - ges long have held us For their prey.



Men of thought and men of ac - tion, Clear the way!



W. E. HICKSON (1803—1869).

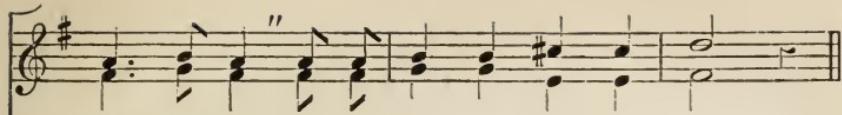
From J. W. CALLCOTT, Mus. D.
(1766—1821).

1. May ev - 'ry year But draw more near The
 2. Let good men ne'er Of truth des - pair Tho'

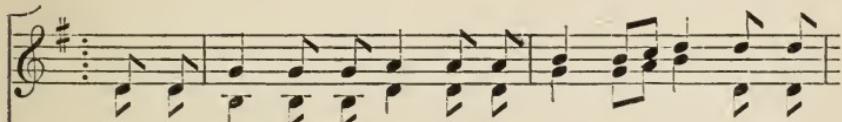
time when strife shall cease, And truth and love All
 hum - ble ef - forts fail, Nor e'er give o'er Un -

hearts shall move To live in joy and peace. Now
 - til once more The right-eous cause pre - vail. In

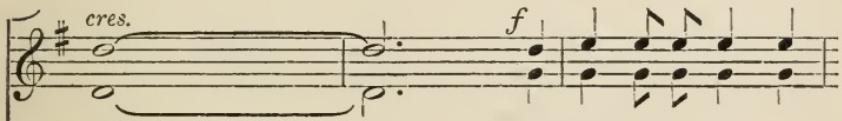
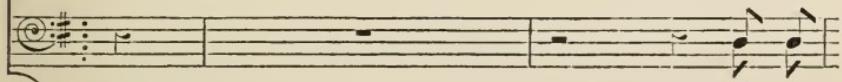
sor - row reigns, And earth com-plains, For fol - ly still her
 vain and long, En - dur - ing wrong, The weak may strive a -



power main-tains, But the day shall yet ap - pear—}
- against the strong, But the day shall sure - ly come—}



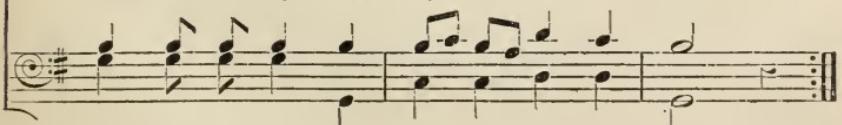
When the might with the right and the truth shall be, with the
When the



right,
might with the right and the truth shall be, And come what there may To



stand in the way, That day the world shall see.



67.

8.7.8.7. D.

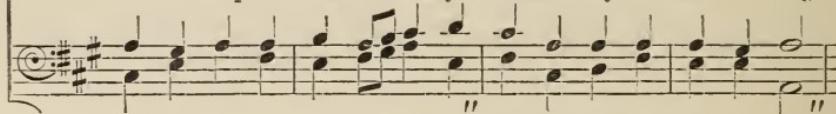
JOHN MACLEAY PEACOCK (1817—1877). MICHAEL HAYDN (1737—1806).



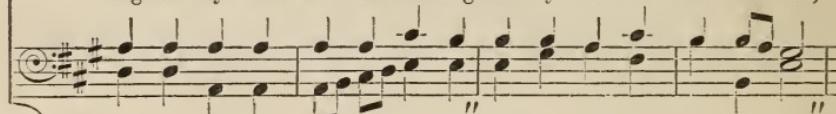
1. Sons of la-bour, keep ye mov-ing On-ward in the march of mind,
 2. Sow good seed, that those who fol-low Fu-ture blessings yet may reap ;
 3. Ev - er ac-tive, ev - er cheer-y, Hope the bur-den of our song,



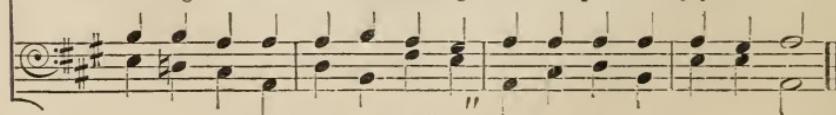
Ev -'ry step your paths im-prov-ing, Leaving old - en tracks be-hind ;
 Joy re-sound o'er hill and hol-low, When we all have gone to sleep ;
 Let us help the weak and wear-y On the way we move a - long.



Ev -'ry soul - en - slav-ing fet-ter, Burst and break and cast a - way,
 Gems of truth and knowl-edge gather On the var - ied ways we go ;
 Brighter days than ours are dawning Swift-ly on our Ba-bels old ;



That the world may be the bet - ter For your needs some oth- er day.
 Know—the pre-sent is the fa - ther Of the fu -ture weal or woe.
 Float-ing 'mid the mists of morning Forms of pur - est joy un - fold.



1. Do not crouch to - day, and worship The old past whose life is fled ;
 2. See the sha-dows of his he-ros, Girt a - bout her cloud-y throne,
 3. She in - her - its all his treasures, She is heir to all his fame,

Hush your voice to ten - der rev'rence, Crown'd he lies, but cold and dead.
 Ev - 'ry day her ranks are strengthen'd By great heartsto him un-known ;
 And the light that light-ens roundher Is the lus - tre of his name ;

For the pre-sent reigns our monarch, With an add - ed weight of hours ;
 No - ble things the great past promised, Ho - ly dreams both strange and new ;
 She is wise with all his wis-dom, Liv - ing, on his grave she stands,

Hon - our her, for she is might-y ! Hon - our her for she is ours !
 But the pre-sent shall ful - fil them, What he promised, she shall do,
 On her brow she bears his lau-rels, And his har-vest in her hands.

- 4 Coward ! can she reign and conquer
 If we thus her glory dim ?
 Let us fight for her as nobly
 As our fathers fought for him !

God, who crowns the dying ages,
 Bids her rule, and us obey :
 Bids us cast our lives before her ;
 Bids us serve the great to-day.

HENRY HAVELOCK ELLIS.

From "Lichfield Church Mission Hymns." *

UNISON.

1. Onward, brothers, march still onward, Side by side and hand in hand,
 2. Old-en sa-ges saw it dim-ly, And their joy to rapture wrought;
 3. Still brave deeds and kind are needed, No-ble thoughts and feelings fair;

UNISON.

Ye are bound for man's true kingdom, Ye are an in-creas-ing band.
 Liv-ing men have gazed up-on it, Standing on the hills of thought.
 Ye too must be strong and suf-fer, Ye too have to do and dare.

Though the way seem of-ten doubtful, Hard the toil ye may en-dure,
 All the past has done and suf-fered, All the dar-ing and the strife,
 Onward, brothers, march still onward, March still onward, hand in hand;

UNISON.

Though at times your cou-rage fal-ter, Yet the promised land is sure.
 All has helped to mould the fu-ture, Make man mas-ter of his life.
 Till ye see at last man's kingdom, Till ye reach the promised land.

1. Happy they who are not wea - ry Of this life's per - pe - tual
 2. Voi - ces from be - hind, be - fore us, From with - in and round us
 3. No - ble thought be com - ing fre - er, Ut - tered whole in word and

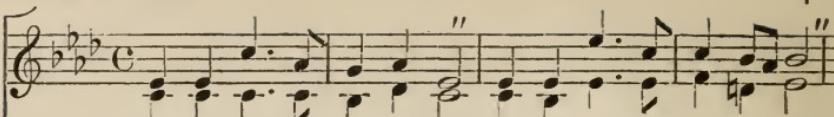
round, Who at each fresh task and du - ty Feel their pow'rs in gladness
 roll; Firm to truth and love, and loy - al Be with lip and hand and
 deed, Big - ot - ry and thral-dom dy - ing, Of the state and of the

bound; Who are bent on winning knowledge, Bent on liv - ing true and
 soul; O what triumphs are be - fore you, As the years and a - ges
 creed; Till of man a no - bler pat - tern Sun and earth at length be -

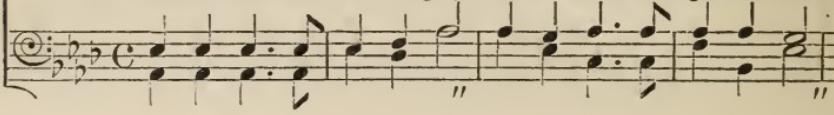
high, And on some good work achiev-ing, Serv-ing men, be - fore they die.
 move, Er - ror banish'd by true knowl-edge, Coldness by the breath of love.
 held, Breader - minded, broader - hearted, Ten - der, man - ly, rev'rent, bold.

F. W. BOCKETT.

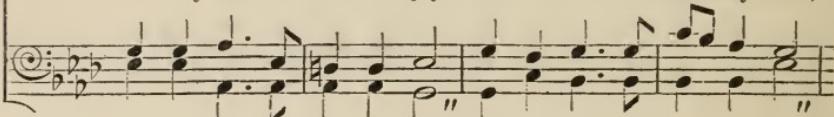
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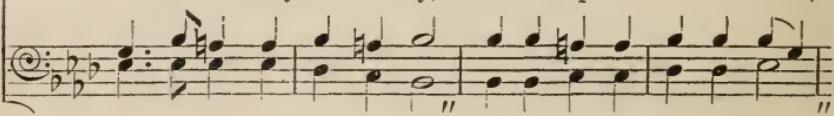
1. Now let grate-ful prais-es ring To the he - roes of the past;
 2. They are gone; their names unknown No fair mar - ble shrines display;
 3. Let us then our lives em-ploy In the works of right-eous-ness.



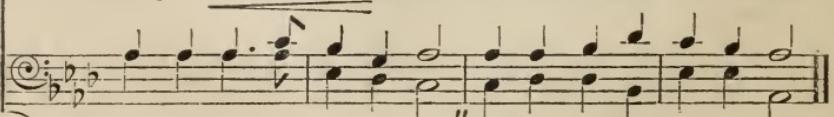
With our heart and voice we sing, As the vi - sions ga - ther fast
 But the seed that they have sown Bears the har - vest of to - day.
 We may no re - wards en - joy, No fair words our work may bless,



Of the men who thought and wrought, And the wo - men who ,mid strife,
 Ev - er ris - ing from the grave, Fruits of long-for - got-ten deeds
 Tho' the world may cru - ci - fy, And our hopes be crush'd and slain,



Hope and in - spi - ra-tion brought To the work of dai - ly life.
 Of the lov - ing and the brave Min-is - ter un - to our needs.
 How - so - ev - er deep they lie, Our good deeds will rise a - gain.



72.

From MOZART (1756—1791).

1. How blest is he whose tran - qui mind, When
 2. So when the tran - sient storm is past, The

life de - clines, re - calls .. a - gain The
 sud - den gloom, and driv - ing show'r, The

years that time has cast be - hind, And
 sweet - est sun - shine is .. the last; The

reaps de - light, and reaps de - light from toil and pain.
 love - liest is, the love - liest is .. the ev - 'ning hour.

73.

8.8.6.6.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807—1882.)

†

3rd Verse.



1. When-e'er a no - ble deed is wrought, Whene'er is spok'n a no - ble
 2. The ti - dal wave of deep - er souls In - to our in-most be - ing
 3. Honour to those whose words and deeds Thus help us in our dai - ly

cres.

"

thought, Our hearts, in glad surprise, To high-er lev - els rise. . .
 rolls, And lifts us un - a-wares Out of all deep - er cares. . .
 needs, And by their o - ver-flow Raise us from what is low. . .

cres.

"

74.

C.M.D.

From SPOHR (1784—1859).

1. Hon - our to him who free - ly gives Of his a - bun-dant
 2. Hon - our to him who shuns to do An ac - tion mean or
 3. Hon - our to him who scorns to be To name or sect a

store; . . Who shares the gifts that he re-ceives With
low; . . Who will a no - bler course pur-sue To
slave; . . Whose soul is like the sun - shine, free, Free

those who need them more; Whose melt - ing heart of
stran - ger, friend or foe; Who seeks for jus - tice
as the o - cean wave; Who, when he sees' op -

pi - ty moves O'er sor - row and dis - tress; . . Of
more than gain, Is mer - ci - ful and kind; . . Who
- press - ion, wrong, Speaks out in thun - der - tones; . . Who

all his friends who most - ly loves The poor and fa - ther - less.
will not cause a need - less pain In bo - dy or in mind.
feels that he with truth is strong, To grap-ple e'en with thrones.

CARL JOHANN PHILIP SPITTA (translated).
(1801—1859).

JOSEF TROUSSELLE.*

1. There is a song now sing-ing, Catch but its sweet be -
2. It tells of love un - dy - ing, Be - fore which grief is

- gin - ning, And you will still its notes pro -
fly - ing, Like mists swept by the sun a -

- long; For ev - er, ev - er learn-ing, Yet nev - er quite dis -
- long; Oh how earth's sor - row, leav - eth The heart that here re -

- cern - ing, The deep full mean - ing of . . . the song.
- ceiv - eth The ho - ly mu - sic of . . . the song!

76.

11.10.11.10.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807—).

1. O bro - ther man, fold to thy heart thy bro - ther!
 2. Fol - low with rev - 'rent steps the great ex - am - ple
 3. Then shall all shack - les fall; the storm - y clan - gour

mf

Where pi - ty dwells, the peace of God is there;
 Of him whose ho - ly work was do - ing good;
 Of wild war - mu - sic o'er the earth shall cease;

2nd & 3rd V.

To wor - ship right - ly is to love each o - ther,
 So shall the wide earth seem our Fa-ther's tem - ple,
 Love shall tread out the bale - ful fire of an - ger,

cres.

Each smile a hymn, each kind - ly deed a . . . prayer.
 Each lov - ing life a psalm of gra - ti - tude.
 And in its ash - es plant the tree of . . . peace.

cres.

77.

Rev. OLIVER BOURNE PEABODY
(1799—1847).

C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus. Doc.
(1823—1876).*

"

1. Who is thy neigh - bour? He whom thou hast pow'r to
2. Thy neighbour? 'Tis the faint - ing poor Whose eye with
3. Thy neighbour? He who drinks the cup When sor - row

aid or bless; . . . Whose ach - ing heart or
want is dim: . . . Oh, en - ter thou his
drowns the brim; . . . With words of high sus -

burn - ing brow Thy sooth - ing hand may press. . .
hum - ble door With aid and peace for him. . .
tain - ing hope, Go thou and com - fort him. . .

- 4 Thy neighbour? 'Tis the weary slave 5 Thy neighbour? Pass no mourner by;
Fettered in mind and limb; Perhaps thou canst redeem
He hath no hope this side the grave: A breaking heart from misery;
Go thou and ransom him. Go share thy lot with him.

78.

8.8.7.

WILLIAM JOHNSON FOX (1786—1864). From PETER WINTER (1754—1825).

Moderato.

1. f Jews were wrought to cru - el mad - ness; Chris-tians fled in
2. mf At its feet her foot she plant - ed, By the dread - ful
3. f Po - ets oft have sung her sto - ry, Paint - ers decked her

"più lento."

fear and sad - ness; (*pp*) Ma - ry stood the cross be - side,
scene un-dau-nted, (*pp*) Till the gen - tle suf - frer died.
brow with glo - ry, Priests her name have de - i - fied.

sempre f.

più lento.

4 *mf* But no worship, song, or glory,
Touches like that simple story—
pp Mary stood the cross beside.

5 *pp* And when, under fierce oppression,
Goodness suffers like transgression,
p Christ again is crucified.

6 But if love be there, true-hearted,
By no grief or terror parted,
a tempo e f. Mary stands the cross beside,
più lento e pp. Mary stands the cross beside.

79.

C.M.

CH. MACKAY (1814—1890).

Rev. E. HUSBAND.*

1. A dream-er dropp'd a ran-dom thought 'Twas old, and yet 'twas
2. It shone up - on a ge - nial mind And lo ! its light be -
3. The thought was small, its is - sue great, A watch-fire on the

new— A sim - ple fan - cy of the brain, But strong in be - ing true.
- came A lamp of life—a bea-con ray—A mo - ni - to - ry flame.
hill, It shed its ra-diance far a-down, And cheers the val-ley still.

4 A nameless man, amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love
Unstudied from the heart.

5 A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

6 O germ, O fount, O word of love !
O thought at random cast !
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, Archbishop
of Dublin (1807—1884).

S. S. WESLEY, Mus. Doc.
(1810—1876).*

1. Make chan - nels for the streams of love, Where they may
 2. But if at a - ny time we cease Such chan - nels
 3. For we must share, if we would keep, That bless - ing

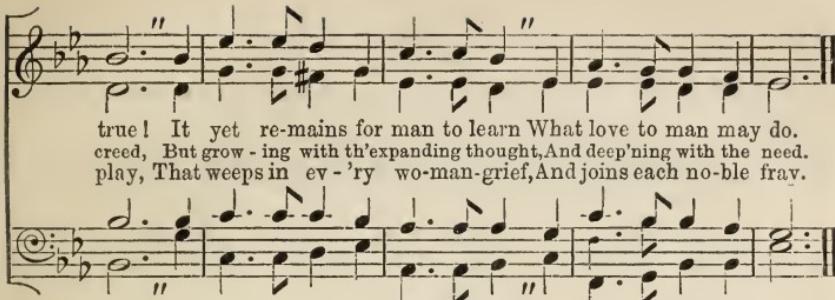
broad - ly run; . . . And love has o - ver -
 to . . . pro - vide, . . . The ve - ry founts of
 from a - bove; . . . Ceasing to give, we

- flow - ing streams To fill . . . them ev - ry one. . .
 love for us . . Will soon be parched and dried. . .
 cease to have; Such is . . the law . . of love. . .

LOUISE S. GUGGENBERGER (*née BEVINGTON*).
(Altered.)

W. C. FILBY (*b. 1836*).*

1. Oh ! help the pro - phet to be bold, The po - et to be
 2. With faith not pent with - in a book, Or bu - ried in a
 3. A faith that laughs in lit - tle joys Of chil - dren at their



true! It yet re-mains for man to learn What love to man may do,
creed, But grow-ing with th'expanding thought, And deep'ning with the need.
play, That weeps in ev-'ry wo-man-grief, And joins each no-ble fray.

- 4 A faith whose sacred strength is sure, 5 For joy shall one with feeling be,
And needs no priest to tell ; And feeling, planet-wide,
Its law—" Be kind, be pure, be just," Where many men have done their best,
Its promise—" Thence be well." And doing it, have died.

6 Oh ! help the prophet to be bold,
The poet to be true !
It yet remains for man to learn
What love to man may do.

82.

C.M.

Dr. WILLIAM DRENNAN (1754—1820).

Rev. J. T. WHITEHEAD.*

1. Oh sweet-er than the sweet-est flow'r At ev'-nings dew-y
2. And soft-er than the soft-est strain Of mu - sic to the
3. True help-ful kind-ness strikes a root That dies not nor de -
close, The will, u - ni - ted with the pow'r, To suc-cour hu-man woes.
ear, The pla - cid joy we give and gain By gra - ti-tude sin - cere.
cays, And com-ing life shall yield the fruit Which blossoms now, in praise.

- 4 The youthful hopes which now expand
Their green and tender leaves,
Shall spread a plenty o'er the land
In rich and yellow sheaves.

WILLIAM BLAKE (1759—1827).

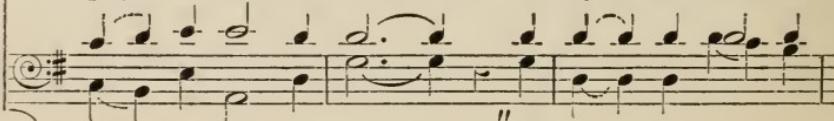
From SPOHR (1784—1859).



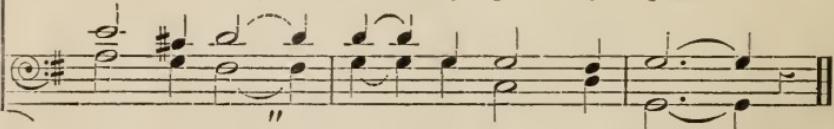
1. To mer - cy, pi - ty, peace and love, All
 2. For mer - cy has a hu - man heart, . .
 3. Then ev - 'ry man of ev - 'ry clime, That



pray in their dis - tress, . . And to . . these vir - tues
 Pi - ty a hu - man face, . . And love the hu - man
 prays in his dis - tress, . . Prays to the hu - man



of de-light Re - turn their thank - ful - ness. . .
 form di-vine, And peace the hu - man dress. . .
 form di - vine, . . Love, mer-cy, pi - ty, peace. . .



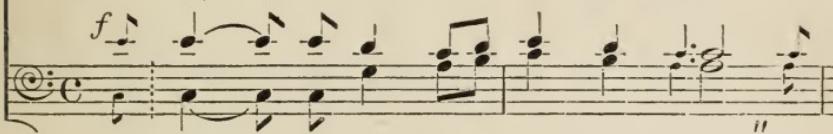
4 For mercy has a human heart,
 Pity a human face,
 And love the human form divine,
 And peace the human dress.

HARRIET MARTINEAU (1802—1876).

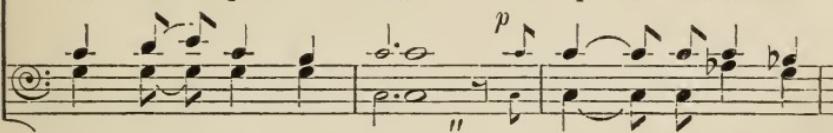
ELIZA FLOWER (d. 1846).



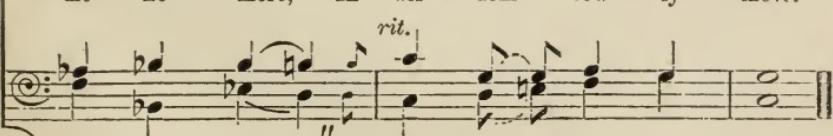
2. 'Tis man . . a - lone who dif - ference sees, And
 3. Oh, let men hast - en to re - store to



Heirs of the earth and skies; All men are e - qual
 speaks of . . high and low, And wor - ships those, and
 all their rights of love; In power and wealth ex -



when that earth Fades from their dy - ing eyes.
 tram - ples these, While the same path they go.
 - ult no more, In wis - dom low - ly move.



85.

P.M.

Rev. JOHN JOHNS (1801—1847).

†

1. Hush the loud can-non's roar, The fran - tic war - rior's call ! Why
 2. Want, from the wretch de - part ! Chains, from the cap - tive fall ! Sweet
 3. Churches and sects, strike down Each mean par - ti - tion - wall ! Let

should the earth be drenched with gore, Are we not bro - thers all ?
 mer - ey, melt th' op-pres - sor's heart : Suff'ers are bro - thers all ?
 love each harsh - cr feel - ing drown : For men are bro - thers all ?

- 4 Let truth and right alone That love its work at length may own,
 Hold human hearts in thrall, And men be brothers all.

86.

7.7.7.7.

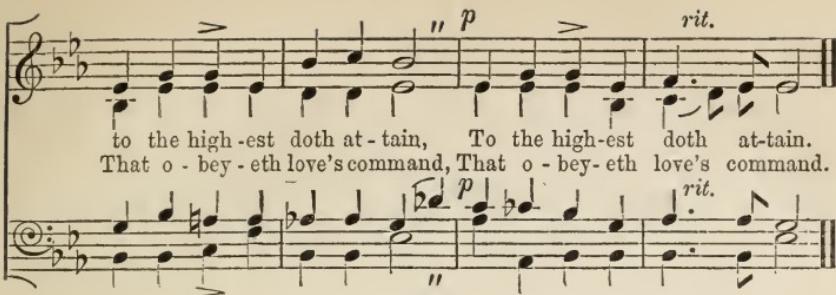
HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807—1882).

With expression.

†

1. Ah! how skil - ful grows the hand That o - obey - eth
 2. He that followeth love's be - hest Far ex - ceed - eth

love's com - mand. It is the heart and not the brain, That
 all the rest... Ah! how skil - ful grows the hand...



87.

P.M.

CHARLES MACKAY (1814—1890).

1. What might be done if men were wise ! What
 2. All sla - vry, war - fare, lies and wrongs, All
 3. The mean - est wretch that ev - er trod, The

glo - rious deeds, my suff'ring bro - ther, Would they u-nite In
 vice and crime might die to - geth - er, And fruit and corn To
 deep - est sunk in guilt and sor - row, Might stand e-rect In

love and right, And cease their scorn of one an - o - ther.
 each man born, Be free as warmth in summer wea - ther.
 self - re-spect, And share the teem-ing world to - mor - row.

4 What might be done ? This might
 be done,
 And more than this, my suff'ring
 brother ;

More than the tongue
 E'er said or sung,
 If men were wise and loved each
 other.

LETITIA E. LANDON (1802—1838).
(Last Stanza added.)

After ELIZA FLOWER (d. 1846).

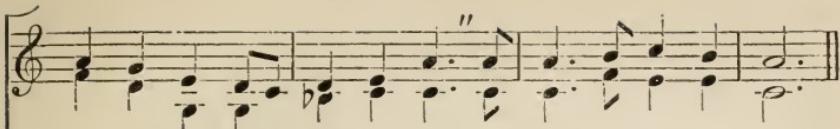
1. The pre - sence of per - pet - ual change Is ev - er on the
3. Of each im - pe - rial ci - ty built Far on the east - ern

earth; To - day is on - ly as the soil That
plains, A de - sert waste of tomb and sand Is

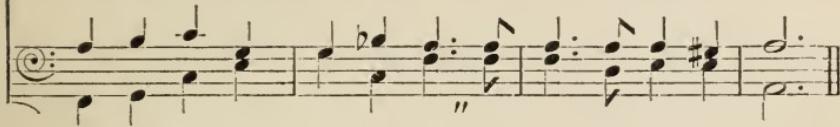
gives to - mor - row birth.
all that now re - mains.

2. Where stood the tow'r, there
4. Our own fair ci - ty,

grows the weed, Where stood the weed, the tow'r; No
filled with life, May have some fu - ture day When



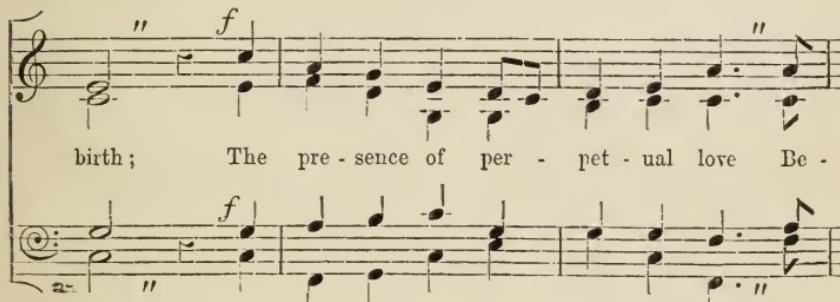
pre-sent hour its like-ness leaves To a - ny fu - ture hour.
pow'r and might and ma - jes - ty, Will all have passed a - way.



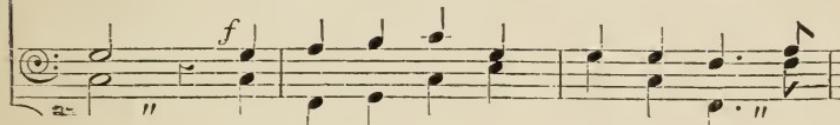
LAST VERSE. *Animato.*



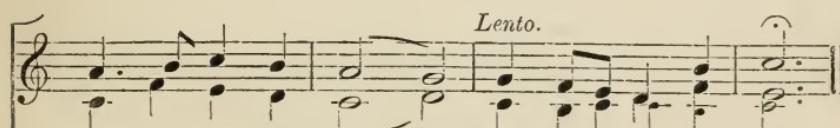
5. But in all changes, bright-er things And bet - ter may have



birth; The pre - sence of per - pet - ual love Be -

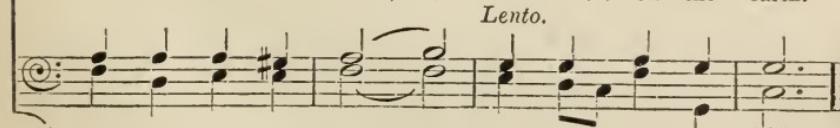


Lento.



ev - er on the earth, . . . ev - er . . . on the earth.

Lento.



GUSTAV SPILLER.
Smoothly.

1. Years are com - ing, years are go - ing, Creeds may change and pass a -
2. Self-ish claims will soon no long - er Raise their harsh, dis-cord - ant
3. Thaw the hearts that now are fro - zen, — Thaw them by the rays of

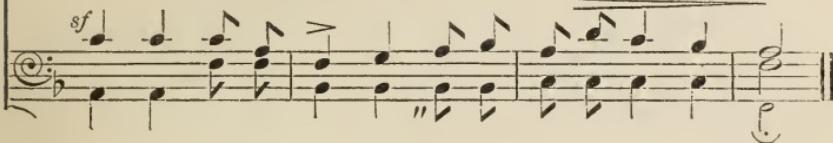
way, . . . But the power of love is grow - ing Strong-er,
sounds, For the law of love will con - quer, Burst - ing
love, . . . And the task that ye have cho - sen Will be

sur - er, day by day. Be ye as the light of
ha - tred's nar - row bounds; Hu-man love will spread a
blest all else a - bove. For per - sist - ent, pure de -

morn - ing, Like the beau-teous dawn un - fold, With your
glo - ry Fill - ing men with glad - some mirth, Songs of
vo - tion To the good of all man - kind Is the



ra-diant lives a-dorn-ing All the world in hues of gold.
joy pro-claim the sto-ry Of a fair, trans-figured earth.
star of our e-mo-tion, Is the an-chor of the mind.

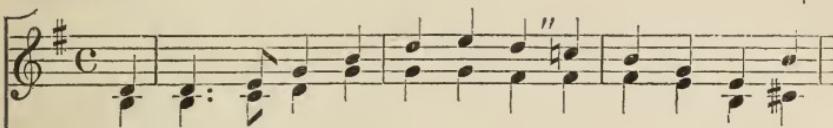


90.

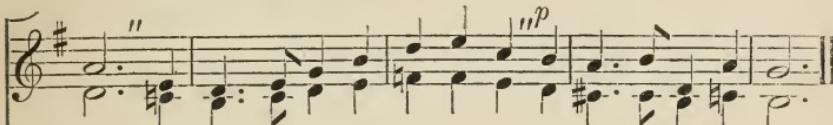
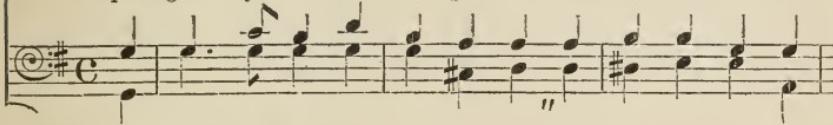
C.M.

HANGFORD.

†



1. Speak gent-ly!—it is bet-ter far To rule by love than
2. Speak gent-ly to the young, for they Will have e-nough to
3. Speak gent-ly to the a-ged one, Grieve not the care-worn



fear; Speak gent-ly—let no harsh word mar The good we may do here.
bear; Pass through this life as best they may,'Tis full of an-xious care.
heart; The sands of life are near-ly run, Let them in peace de-part.



- 4 Speak gently to the erring ones,
They must have toiled in vain ;
Perchance unkindness made them so,
Oh ! win them back again.

- 5 Speak gently!—'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well ;
The good, the joy, that it may bring
Eternity shall tell.

JOHN HARRIS, D.D. (1802—1856).

†

1. O Earth! thy past is crowned and con - se - cra - ted
 2. O Earth! the pre - sent too is crowned with splen - dour,
 3. O Earth! thy fu - ture shall be great and glo - rious

With its re - form - ers, speak - ing yet, though dead;
 By its re - form - ers, bat - tling in the strife;
 With its re - form - ers, toil - ing in the van;

Who un - to strife and toil and tears were fa - ted,
 Friends of hu - man - i - ty, stern, strong and ten - der,
 Till truth and love shall reign o'er all vic - to - rious,

Who un - to fie - ry mar - tyr - doms were led.
 Mak - ing the world more hope - ful with their life.
 And earth be giv'n to free - dom and to man.

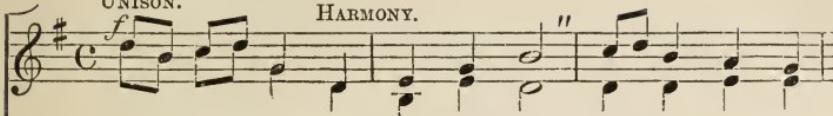
Dr. ALEXANDER J. ELLIS, F.R.S. (1814—1890).

Rather slow and full.

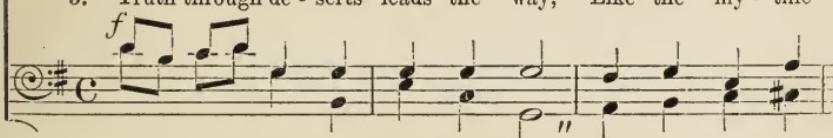
†

UNISON.

HARMONY.



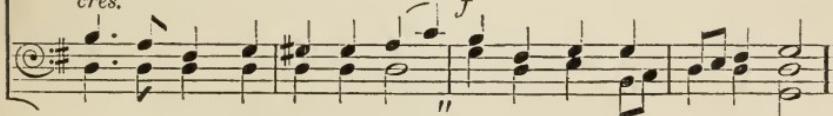
1. "Truth is . . . great and must pre - vail!"—Trite the a - dage—
2. Truth is . . . man's ma - tu - rest thought That the earn - est
3. Truth through de - serts leads the way, Like the my -thic



how and when? Tri - al tells an - o - ther tale,
grasp and try. Who for truth has nev - er fought,
fire of God; Those who know its beam, and stray



cres.
Truth has failed, will fail a - gain, If not backed by truth-ful men.
Who lets false-hood known go by, Pro-pa-gates him - self the lie.
Far from where they're signed to plod, Keep the paths of truth un-trod.
cres.



- 4 To the plough then lay your hand!
Truth is nought when not embraced!
Look not back, nor listless stand
Where your line of work is traced;
Falsehood vanishes when faced.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (b. 1807).

German.

1. He who has the truth, and keeps it, Keeps what
 2. He who seeks the truth, and trem - bles At the
 3. He who hears the truth, and pla - ces Its high

not to him be - longs, But per - forms a self - ish
 dan - gers he must brave, Is not fit to be a
 prompt-ings un - der ban, Loud may boast of all that's

ac - tion That his fel - low - mor - tal wrongs.
 free - man, He at best is but a slave.
 man - ly, But can nev - er be a man.

4 Be thou like the noble ancient—
 Scorn the threat that bids thee fear :
 Speak! no matter what betide thee ;
 Let them strike, but make them hear.

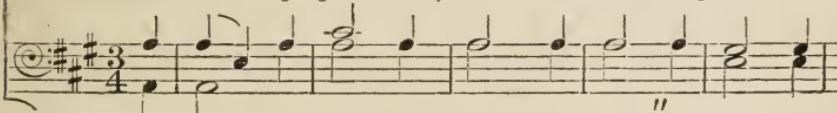
5 Be thou like the first apostles—
 Be thou like heroic Paul ;
 If a free thought seek expression,
 Speak it boldly—speak it all!

WILLIAM JOHNSON FOX (1786—1864).

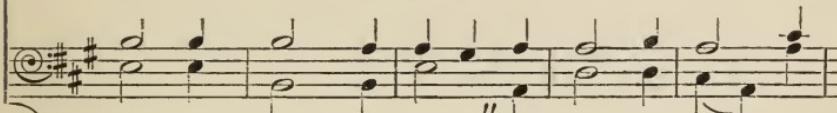
American.



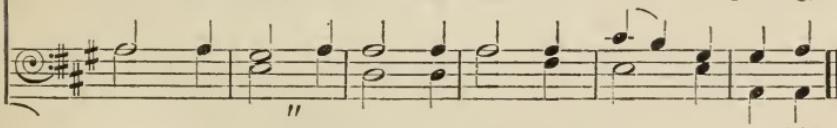
1. A lit - tle child, in bul - rush ark, Came float - ing
 2. A lit - tle child en - quir - ing stood In Is - rael's
 3. 'Mid worst op - pres - sions, if re - main Young hearts to



on the Nile's broad wa - ter; That child made E - gypt's
 tem - ple of . . its sa - ges; That child, by les - sons
 free - dom still as - piring,—Tho' nursed in su - per -



glo - ry dark, And freed his tribe from bonds and slaughter.
 wise and good, Made pure the tem - ples of past a - ges.
 sti - tion's chain, If hu - man minds be still en - quir-ing,—

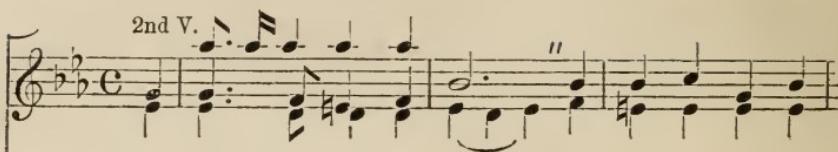


4 Then let not priest or tyrant dote
 On dreams of long the world commanding;
 The ark of Moses is afloat,
 And Christ is in the temple standing.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, Cardinal (1801—1890).

†

2nd V.



1. When mirth is full and free, . . . Some sud - den gloom shall
2. When the rich town, that long . . . Has lain its huts a -
3. And when thine eye sur - veys, . . . With fond a - dor - ing



be ; When haugh-ty pow'r mounts high, . . . The watch-er's axe is
mong, Up-rears its pa-geants vast, . . . And vaunts,—it shall not
gaze, And yearn-ing heart, thy friend—Love to its grave doth



nigh : All growth has bound; when greatest found, It hastes to die.
last; Bright tints that shine, are but a sign Of sum - mer past.
tend; All gifts be - low, save truth, but grow To-wards an end.



THOMAS KNOX.

J. BARNBY (b. 1838).*

1. Yon bub-bling foun-tain so ob-scure, So small it scarce-ly
 2. Yon ti - ny flow'r that bursts the clod, So faint, it hard - ly

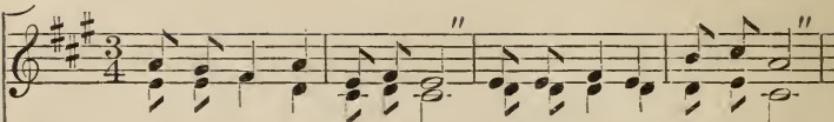
owns a source, Thro' tang - led wilds makes pro - gress sure, Till
 seems to live, Still wres - tles up to crown the sod, And

none may dare to stem its force: So truth may flow from
 all a - round sweet in - cense give: So truth at first may

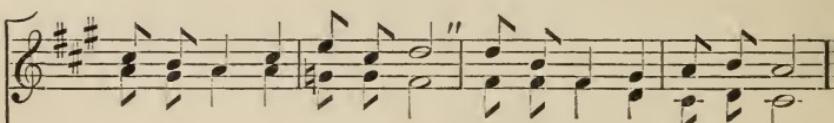
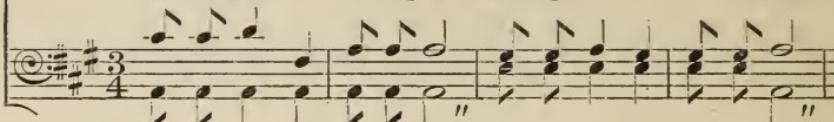
hum - blest soul, Yet swell till riv - er - like it roll.
 fee - bly spring, Yet o'er the world its fra-grance fling.

E. TOZER.

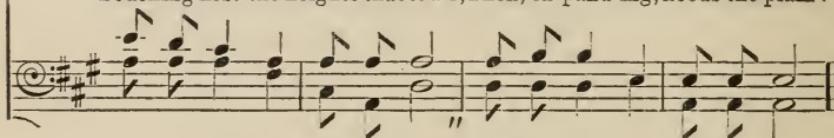
Rev. J. T. WHITEHEAD.*



1. Soft - ly breaks the morning light O'er the peaceful, slumb'ring earth,
 2. Ro - sy beams il - lume the hills, Then, des-cend-ing, val-leys glow;
 3. Thus the truth in silent pow'r Dawns up - on the hu-man brain,



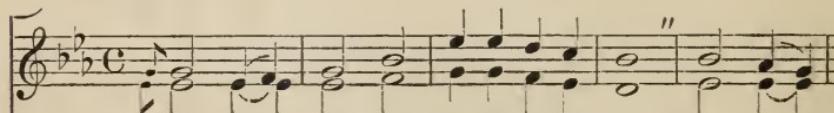
Ban - ish-ing the gloom of night, Wak-ing all things in - to mirth.
 Now no cloud of dark-ness fills An - y spot of earth be - low.
 Touching first the heights that tow'r, Then, ex-pand-ing, floods the plain :



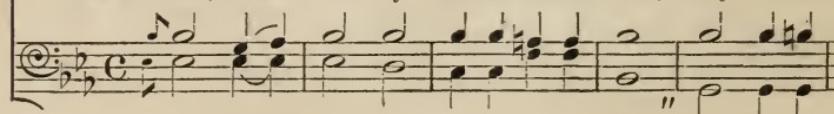
- 4 Mental heights all bathed in love,
 Earnest hearts that will not rest,
 Until vale and darkened grove
 Shine, with daylight's glory blest.

SHAKESPERE (1564—1616).

A. R. GAUL, Mus. B. (b. 1837).*



1. Oh how much more doth beau-ty beau-teous seem By that sweet
 2. The can - ker - blooms have full as deep a dye As the ..
 3. But, for their on - ly vir-tue is their show, They live un - .



or - na - ment which truth doth give! The rose looks fair, but
 per-fumed tinc-ture of the rose; Hang on such thorns, and
 - wood, and un - re - spect-ed fade, Die to them-selves: sweet

 fair-er we it deem For that sweet o - dour which doth in it live.
 play as wanton ly When summer winds their masked buds dis - close.
 ros-es do not so,— Of theirsweet deaths are sweetest o - dours made.

99.

7.6.7.6.

ERNEST MYERS.

1. Now in life's breezy morn-ing, Here on life's sun -ny shore, To
 2. E - ter - nal hate to falsehood; And then as needs must be, O
 3. All fair things that seem true things, Our hearts shall aye re - ceive, Not

 all the pow'rs of false - hood We vow e - ter - nal war.
 Truth, O la - dy peer - less, E - ter - nal love to thee.
 ov - er quick to seize them, Nor o - ver loth to leave.

4 But one vow binds us ever
 That whatso'er shall be,
 Nor life nor death shall sever
 Our souls, O Truth, from thee.

WILLIAM JOHNSON FOX (1786—1846).
4th V. (Altered.)

? PADRE MARTINI (1706—1784).

1. Praise to the he - roes Who struck for the right, When
 2. Praise to the mar - tyrs Who died for the right, Nor
 3. Praise to the sa - ges, The teach-ers of right, Whose

free - dom and truth Were de - fend - ed in fight: Of
 ev - er bowed down At the bid - ding of might: Their
 voice in the dark - ness Said, "Let there be light." The

blood-shed - ding hire - lings The deeds are ab - horred, But the
 ash - es were cast All a - broad on the wind, But more
 so - phist may gain The re - noun of an hour, But

pa - tri - ot smites, And we hon - our his sword,
 wide - ly the bless - ings They won for man - kind.
 wis - dom is glo - ry, While know-ledge is power.

4 Heroes, martyrs, and sages,
 True prophets of right!
 They foresaw, and they made
 Man's futurity bright.

Their fame will ascend
 Till the world sink in flames;
 Be their spirit in all
 Who sing praise to their names!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (b. 1807). JEREMIAH CLARKE (1670—1707).

1. As o'er his fur - rowed fields, which lie Be - .
 2. Thus, free - dom! on the bit - ter blast, The
 3. It may not be our lot to wield The

- neath a cold - ly drop - ping sky, Yet chill with win - ter's
 ven - tures of thy seed we cast, And trust to warm - er
 sic - kle in the ri - pened field; Nor ours to hear, on

melt - ed snow, The hus - band-man goes forth to sow:
 sun and rain To swell the germ and fill the grain.
 sum - mer eves, The reap - er's song a - mong the sheaves.

4 Yet, where our duty's task is wrought
 In unison with love's great thought,
 The near and future blend in one,
 And whatsoe'er is willed, is done.

102.

8.8.8.4.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (b. 1807).

RUSSELL MARTINEAU, M.A.
(Adapted by permission.)*

1. All grim, and soil'd, and brown with tan, I saw a strong one, in his wrath,
 2. The Church, beneath her trembling dome, Essay'd in vain her ghostly charm:
 3. Grey-bearded Use, who, deaf and blind, Grop'd from his old accustom'd stone,

Smit-ing the god-less shrines of man, A-long his path.
 Wealth shook with-in his gild-ed home With strange a-larm.
 Lean'd on his staff, and wept, to find His seat o'er-thrown.

- 4 Yet louder rang the strong one's stroke, 5 I lock'd: aside the dust-cloud roll'd—
 Yet nearer flashed his axe's gleam! The waster seem'd the builder too;
 Shuddering and sick of heart I woke Upspringing from the ruin'd old,
 As from a dream. I saw the new.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad—
 The wasting of the wrong and ill;
 Whate'er of good the old time had
 Was living still.

103.

L.M.

LEWIS MORRIS (1833—). P. HEISE (From a Norwegian Melody).

1. There are, who, bend-ing sup-ple knees, Live for no end ex-
 3. But be not thou as these, whose mind Is to a pass-ing



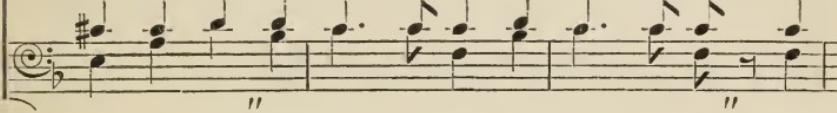
cept to please, Ris-ing to fame by mean de-grees, But
hour con-fined; Let no ig - no - ble fet-ters bind Thy



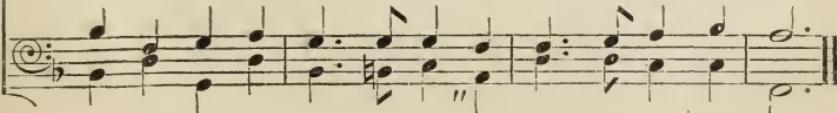
creep not thou with these. 2. They have their due re -
soul, as free as wind. 4. Stand up - right, speak thy



ward; they bend Their lives to an un - wor - thy end— On
thought, de - clare The truth thou hast, that all may share; Be



emp-ty aims the toil ex-pend Which had se-cured a friend.
bold, pro-claim it ev - 'ry-where; They on - ly live who dare.



PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY (1792—1822).

1. Life may change, but it may fly not; Hope can vanish, but can die not;
 Truth be veiled, but still it burn-eth; Love repulsed, but it re-turn-eth.

2. Yet were life a char - nel where Hope lay cof-fined with des - pair,
 3. Lend-ing life its soul of light, Hope its i - ris of de - light,

Truth and love a sa - cred lie,—Were it not for li - ber-ty.
 Truth its pro-phet's robe to wear, Love its pow'r to give and bear.

Hail! dawn of li - her - ty, Day of e - qual - i - ty,
When all man - kind shall be Bound in fra - ter - ni - ty.

1. When works of strife shall cease, And deeds of love in-crease,
2. No maid shall be for - lorn, No man be made to mourn,
3. Truth then shall reign su - preme, Things shall be what they seem,

And u - ni - ver - sal peace Bless all hu - man - i - ty.
No child un - wel - come born In that fu - tu - ri - ty.
All su - per - sti - tion's dream Held as pro - fan - i - ty.

4 Our lives may now be cast
'Mid shadows of the past,
Those shadows shall not last
In perpetuity. Hail, &c.

5 They never can despair
Who learn to hope, and care,
And work, for prospects fair
For their posterity. Hail, &c.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1819—1891). J. BAPTISTE CALKIN (b. 1827).*

1. Men whose boast it is that ye Come of fa - thers
 2. Is true free - dom but to break Fet - ters for our
 3. They are slaves who fear to speak For the fall - en

brave and free,-- If there breathe on earth a slave,
 own dear sake, And with lea - thern hearts for - get
 and the weak; They are slaves who will not choose

Are ye tru - ly free and brave? If ye do not
 That we owe man - kind a debt? No! true free - dom
 Ha - tred, scoff - ing, and a - buse, Ra - ther than in

feel the chain When it works a bro - ther's pain,
 is to share All the chains our bro - thers wear,
 si - lence shrink From the truth they needs must think;

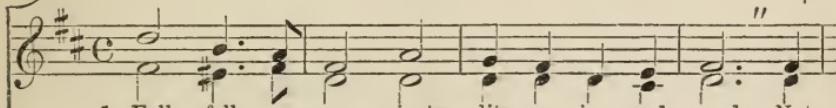


Are ye not base slaves in - deed, Slaves. un-wor-thy to be freed?
And, with heart and hand, to be Ear - nest to make o-thers free!
They are slaves who dare not be In the right with two or three.

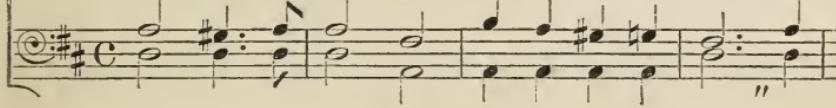
107.

P.M.

†



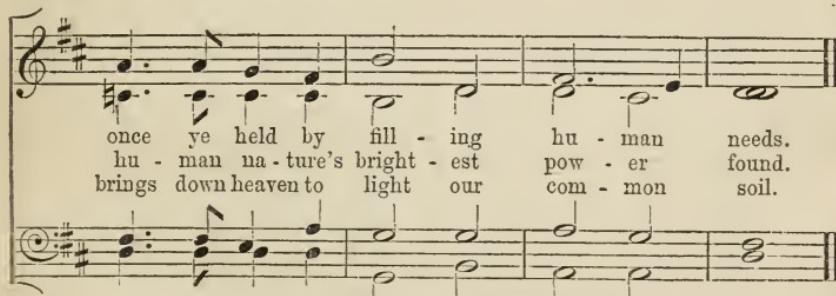
1. Fall, fall, ye an - cient lit - an - ies and creeds: Not
2. Fall, fall, ye migh - ty tem - ples to the ground! Not
3. 'Tis in the lof - ty hope, the dai - ly toil, 'Tis



prayers or curs - es deep The power can long - er keep, That
in your sculptured rise Is the real ex - er - cise Of
in the gift - ed line, In each far thought di - vine That



once ye held by fill - ing hu - man needs.
hu - man na - ture's bright - est pow - er found.
brings down heaven to light our com - mon soil.



4 'Tis in the great, the lovely, and the true,
'Tis in the gen'rous thought
Of all that man has wrought,
Of all that yet remains for man to do.

W. M. W. CALL, M.A.

†

1. Let in light—the ho - ly light, Bro - thers, fear it
 2. I will hope and work and love, Sing - ing to the

nev - er; Dark-ness smiles, and wrong grows right;
 hours, . . While the stars are bright a - bove,

Let in light for ev - er. Let in light! When
 And be - low the flow - ers. Who in such a

this shall be Joy at once and du - ty,
 world as this Could not heal his sor - row?

A musical score for a two-part setting (vocal parts) with piano accompaniment. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal parts are written on treble and bass staves, and the piano accompaniment is on a separate staff.

The lyrics are as follows:

Men in com - mon things shall see Good - ness, truth, and
Wel - come this sweet hour of bliss; Sun - rise comes to -

beau - ty. } Let in light— the ho - ly light,
- mor - row. }

Bro - ther, fear it nev - er, Dark-ness smiles, and

wrong grows right; Let in light for ev - er!

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (1843— .)

†

1. We come from ma - ny lands; We march from ve - ry far; In
 2. O sorrowing hearts of slaves, We heard you beat from far! We
 3. Rise, ere the dawn be ris'n, Come, and be all souls fed; From

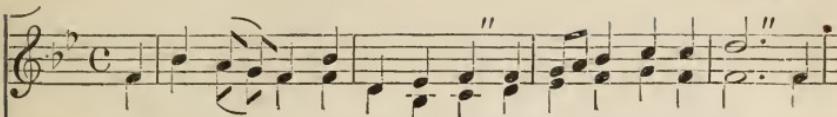
hearts and lips and hands, Our staves and wea - pons are; The
 bring the light that saves; We bring the morn - ing star. Free -
 field and street and pri-sion, Come, for the feast is spread. Live!

- light we walk in dark - ens sun and moon and star, The
 dom's good things we bring you, whence all good things are, Free -
 for the truth is liv - ing; wake! for night is dead, Live!

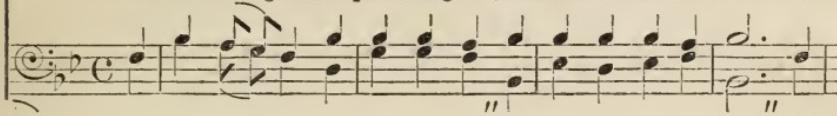
- light we walk in dark - ens sun and moon and star.
 dom's good things we bring you, whence all good things are.
 for the truth is liv - ing; wake! for night is dead.

ROBT. NICOLL (1814—1837).

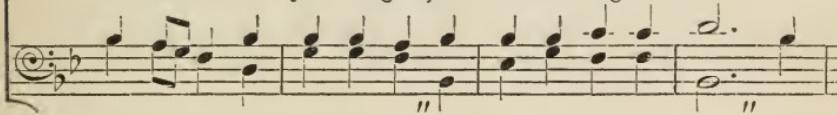
German.



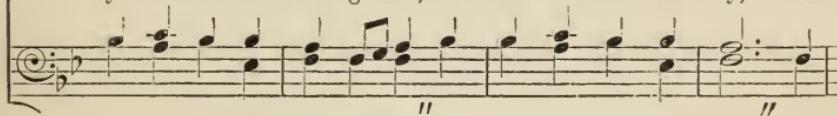
1. An of -fer-ing to the shrine of pow'r Our hands shall nev-er bring; A
2. Praise to the good, the pure, the great, Who made us what we are ! Who



gar-land on the ear of pomp Our hands shall nev-er fling ; Ap -
lit the flame which yet shall glow, With radiance brighter far : Glo -



plaud-ing in the conqueror's path Our voi - ces ne'er shall be ; But
ry to them in com-ing time, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty, Who



we have hearts to hon-our those Who bade the world go free !
burst the cap-tive's gal-ling chain, And bade the world go free !

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH (1819—1861).

†

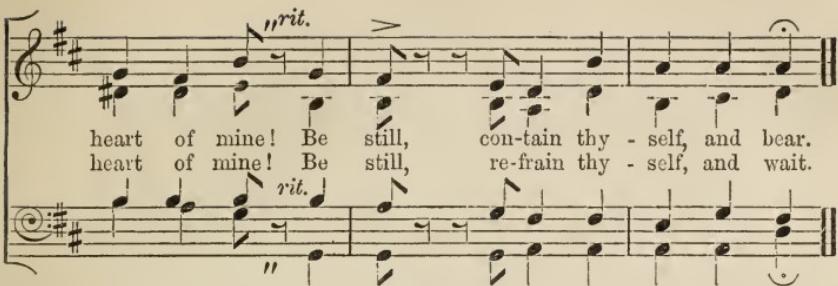
1. Put forth thy leaf, thou lof - ty plane, East wind and frost are
 3. De - cem - ber days were brief and chill, The winds of March were

safe-ly gone; With zephyr mild and balm-y rain The summer comes se -
 wild and drear, And, nearing and re-ced-ing still, Spring nev-er would, we

- rene - ly on. 2. Earth, air, and sun, and skies com - bine To
 thought, be here. 4. The leaves that burst, the suns that shine, Had

pro - mise all that's kind and fair,—But thou, O hu - man
 not the less their cer - tain date:—And thou, O hu - man

poco rit.



112.

L.M.

MALCOLM QUIN.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN (b. 1827).*

"

"

"

4 Then mourn not those who, dying, gave
A gift of greater light to man:
Death stands abashed before the brave;
They own a life he may not ban.

113.

6.5.6.5. D.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER (1825—1864).

JOSEF TROUSSELLE.*

1. Shine, ye stars of hea - ven, On a world of pain!
 2. Shine, ye stars of hea - ven, On the roll-ing years!
 3. Shine, ye stars of hea - ven, On a world of fear!

See old time de - stroy - ing All our hoard - ed gain;
 See how time, con - so - ling, Dries the sad - est tears;
 See how time, a - veng - ing, Bring - eth judg - ment here;

All our sweet - est flow - ers, Ev - 'ry state - ly shrine,
 Bids the dark - est storm - clouds Pass in gen - tle rain;
 Weav - ing ill - won hon - ours To a fie - ry crown;

All our hard - earned glo - ry, Ev - 'ry dream di - vine.
 While up - spring in glo - ry Flow'rs and dreams a - gain.
 Bid - ding hard hearts per - ish, Cast - ing proud hearts down.

4 Shine, ye stars of heaven,
 On the hours' slow flight!
 See how time, rewarding,
 Gilds good deeds with light;

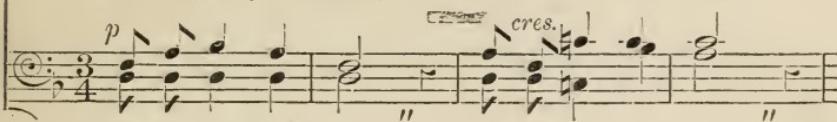
Pays with kingly measure,
 Brings earth's dearest prize,
 Or, crowned with rays diviner,
 Bids the end arise.

LEWIS MORRIS (1833— .)

†

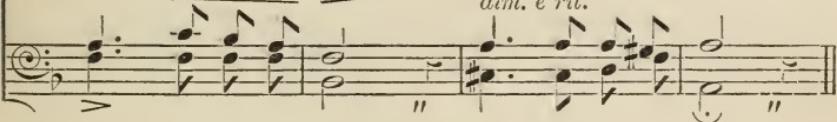


1. Where are last year's snows, Where the sum- mer's rose,—

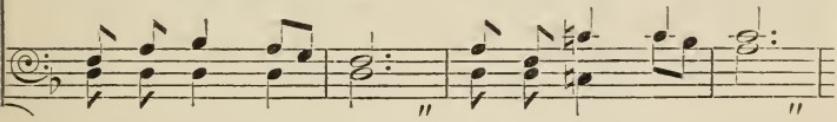


Who . . is there who knows? Who is there who knows?

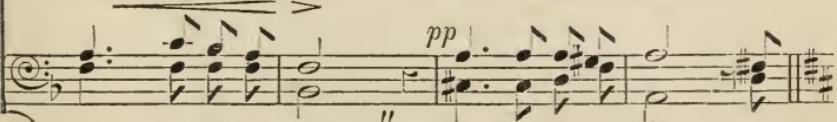
dim. e rit.



2. Or the glo - rious note Of some sing - er's throat



Heard in years re - mote, heard in years re - mote? 3. The



Tempo animato.

snows are sweet spring rain, The dead rose blooms a - gain. Young
 voi - ces keep the strain, young voi - ces keep the strain.
 4. Where the love they bore Who, in days of yore,
 Loved but are no more? loved but are no more? 5. The

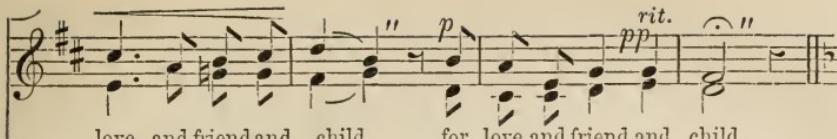
dim. e rit.

pp rit.

mf

Tempo animato.

old af - fec - tion mild Still springs up un - de - filed, For



p pp rit.

cres.

6. Where the faiths men knew, When, be - fore mind grew,

p cres.

rit.

All . . . strange things seem'd true ? all strange things seem'd true ? 7. The

rit.

Tempo animato.

f

old faiths grown more wide, Pu - rer and glo - ri - fied . . . Are

f rit.

still our life-long guide, are still our life - long guide.

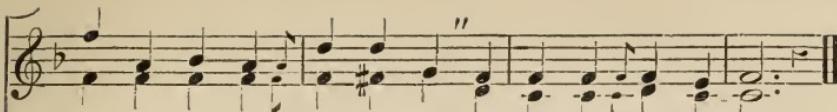
f rit.

What of the night, watchman : what of the night? The win - try gale sweeps
 All awake is the strainéd watch - ful eye, And a - wake the list'ning

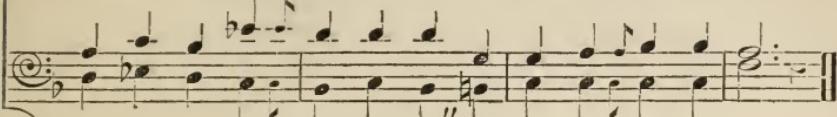
by, The thick shadows fall, and the night-bird's call Sounds
 ear ; Till the dawn they wait, and watch at the gate, For the

mourn - ful - ly thro' the sky. The night is dark, it is
 en - e - my is near. What of the night, watchman :

long and drear But still, while o - thers sleep, A
 what of the night?—Tho' the win - try gale sweep by, When the



lit - tle band, who to - geth - er stand, Their pa - tient vi - gils keep.
dark- est hour be - gins to lower, We know that the dawn is nigh.

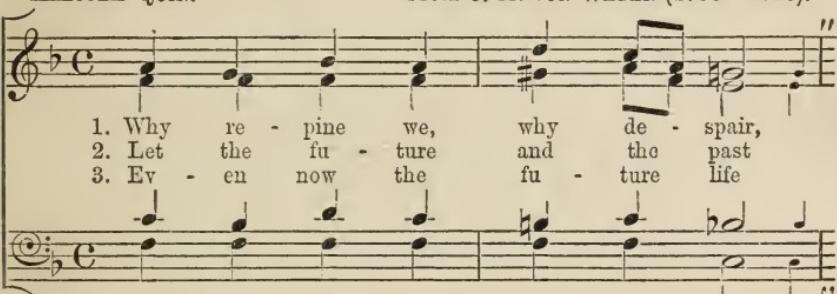


116.

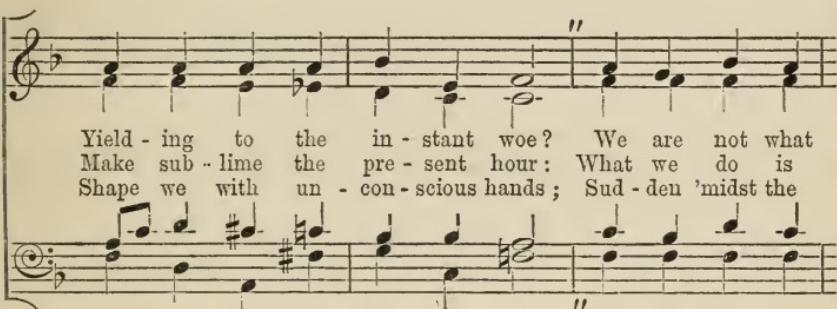
MALCOLM QUIN.

7.7.7.7.

From C. M. von WEBER (1786—1826).



1. Why re - pine we, why de - spair,
2. Let the fu - ture and the past
3. Ev - en now the fu - ture life



Yield - ing to the in - instant woe? We are not what
Make sub - lime the pre - sent hour: What we do is
Shape we with un - con - scious hands; Sud - denly 'midst the



once we were ; Let us build on that we know.
doomed to last, And we know not all our power.
woe and strife Full our dream in - car - nate stands.



- 4 Lightest thoughts and humblest deed, 5 Not despair, but wise devotion,
Aspiration's faintest breath, Takes the meanness from our task ;
These are but the unseen seed High resolves and onward motion —
That fructifies in spite of death. These the passing moments ask.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819—1861).

†

Not fast.

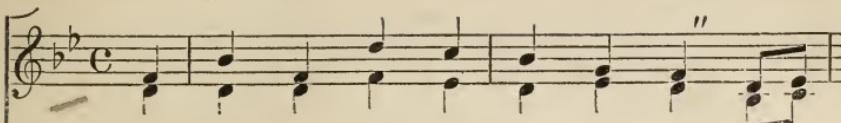
1. Say not, the strug - gle nought a - vail - eth, The
 2. If hopes were dupes, fears may be li - ars; It
 la - bour and the wounds are vain; The en - e - my faints not, nor
 may be, in you smoke con-cealed. Your comrades chase e'en now the
 fail - eth, And as things have been, they re - main.
 fli - ers, And, but for you, pos - sess the field.

3 For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

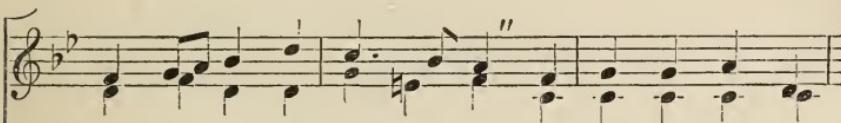
4 And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light;
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look! the land is bright.

LEWIS MORRIS (b. 1833).

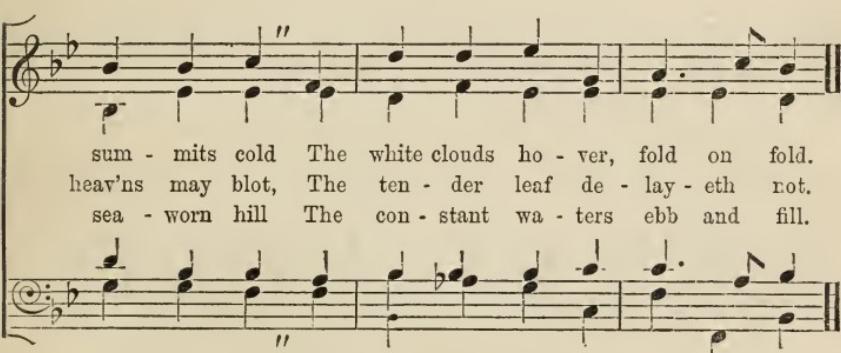
J. W. ELLIOTT.*



sun - set keeps its glow of gold; And round the ro - sy
 right be dead and faith for - got, Though one dull cloud the
 beau - teous aut - umn's mel - low still; By vir - gin sand and



sum - mits cold The white clouds ho - ver, fold on fold.
 heav'n may blot, The ten - der leaf de - lay - eth not.
 sea - worn hill The con - stant wa - ters ebb and fill.



4 From out the throng and stress of lies,
 From out the painful noise of sighs,
 One voice of comfort seems to rise:
 "It is the meaner part that dies."

GOETHE (translated by CARLYLE).

(1749-1832.)

†

1. The fu - ture hides in it Glad - ness and
 2. And so - lem - n be - fore us; Veiled the dark
 3. While ear - nest thou gaz - est Comes bod - ing of

sor - row; We press still tho - row,
 por - tal; Goal of all mor - tal :—
 ter - ror; Come phan - tasm and er - ror; Per -

Nought that a - bides in it . . . Daunt-ing us,— On-ward!
 Stars si - lent o'er us . . . Graves un - der us si - lent.
 - plex - ing the brav - est . . . With doubt and mis - giv - ing.

4 But heard are the voices,
 Heard are the sages,
 The worlds, and the ages :
 “ Choose well; your choice is
 Brief, and yet endless.”

5 “ Here eyes do regard you
 In eternity's stillness ;
 Here in all fulness,
 Ye brave, to reward you ;
 Work, and despair not !”

W. M. W. CALL, M.A.

W. C. FILBY (b. 1836).*

1. There is no death for that which dwells a - part;
 2. True word, kind deed, sweet song, shall vi - brate still,

'Mid chang-ing forms a se - cret strength re - mains :
 In rings that wan - der thro' ce - les - tial air; ...

All work en - dures, strong mind and no - ble heart
 And hu - man will shall build for hu - man will

Touch to fine is - sues no - bler hearts and brains.
 Fair base - ment to a pa - lace yet more fair.

121.

L.M.

LEWIS MORRIS (1833—).

†

mp

1. Should wrong pre - vail o'er all the earth, 'Twere
 2. That right is that which must pre - vail, If

mp

nought, if on - ly we dis - cern The one great truth which
 not here, there, if not now, then—Is the one truth which

cres.

mf

if we learn, All else be - side is lit - tle worth.
 shall not fail, For all the doubts and fears of men.

f

rit.

3 What if a myriad ages still,
 Of wrong and pain, of waste and ill,
 Confuse our thought?—Triumphant good
 At length, at last, our souls shall fill.

122.

7.7.7.7. D.

ELIZA T. CLAPP (1840).

JOSEPH BARNBY (b. 1838).*

1. All be - fore us lies the way; Give the past un - to the
 2. E - den with its an - gels bold, Trees and flow'rs and cool - est
 3. It is com - ing, it shall come To the pa - tient and the

2nd & 3rd V.

Wind: All be - fore us is the day; Night and
sea, Is less an an - cient sto - ry told Than a
striv-ing; To the qui - et heart at home, Think - ing

V. 3.

dark - ness are be - hind. Not where long past a - ges
glow - ing pro - phe - cy. In the spi - rit's per - fect
wise, and faith - ful liv-ing. When the soul to sin hath

sleep Seek we E - den's gold - en trees; In the
air, In the pas - sions tame and kind, In - no -
died, True and beau - ti - ful and sound; Then all

fu -ture fold - ed deep Are its mys - tic har - mo - nies.
- cence from self -ish care, The true E - den shall we find.
earth is sanc - ti - fied, Up springs Par - a - dise a - round.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807—).

GEORGE HOLDEN.

1. Oh sometimes glimp-ses on my sight Through
 2. That all of . . . good the past hath had, . . . Re -
 3. For still the.. new tran - scends the old .. In

pre-sent wrong th'e - ter - nal right; And step by step since
 - mains to make our own time glad; Our com-mon dai - ly
 signs and to - kens man - i - fold; Slaves rise up men, the

time be - gan, I see the stead - y gain of man:
 life di - vine, And ev - 'ry land a Pa - les - tine.
 o - live waves With roots deep set in bat - tle - graves.

4 Through the harsh noises of our day,
 A low sweet prelude finds its way :
 Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
 A light is breaking, calm and clear.

Lord TENNYSON (1809—).

†

1. Ring out, wild bells, to the wild . . . sky, The
 2. Ring out the old, ring in the new; Ring,
 3. Ring out the grief that saps the mind For

fly - ing cloud, the fros - ty light: The year is dy - ing
 hap - py bell, a - cross the snow: The year is go - ing,
 those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of
 cres.

in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
 let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.
 rich and poor, Ring in re - dress to all man - kind.

4 Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.

5 Ring out false pride in place and blood,
 The civic slander and the spite;
 Ring in the love of truth and right,
 Ring in the common love of good.

6 Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
 Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
 Ring out the thousand wars of old,
 Ring in the thousand years of peace.

7 Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
 Ring in the Christ that is to be!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (1807—1882).
(Slightly altered.)

†

UNISON.

HARMONY.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major, common time, with a dynamic of *mf*. The bottom staff is in C major, common time, with a dynamic of *mf*. The lyrics for the first three stanzas are:

1. I heard the bells on Christ - mas Day Their
2. Then from each black ac - curs - ed mouth The
3. And in des - pair I bowed my head; "There

The musical score continues with two staves. The top staff has a dynamic of *p*. The lyrics for the fourth stanza are:

old fa - mi - liar ca - rols play, And wild and sweet The
can - non thun-dered in the south, And with the sound The
is no peace on earth," I said; "For hate is strong, And

The musical score concludes with two staves. The top staff has a dynamic of *p* and a *rit.* (ritardando) instruction. The lyrics for the fifth stanza are:

words re - peat Of peace on earth, good - will to men!
ca - rols drowned Of peace on earth, good - will to men!
mocks the song Of peace on earth, good - will to men!"

The bottom staff has a dynamic of *p* and a *rit.* instruction.

4 Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"Love is not dead, nor doth it sleep!
The wrong shall fail,
The right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (1817—1891).

H. BAKER, Mus. B.

1. There is no wind but sow - eth seeds Of a more
 2. We find with - in these souls of ours, Some wild germs
 3. With - in the heart of all men lie These pro - mi -

true and o - pen life, Which burst,un - locked for, in - to
 of a high - er birth, Which in the po - et's tro - pic
 - ses of wi - der bliss, Which blos-som in - to hopes that

high - souled deeds With way - side beau - ty rise.
 heart bear flowers Whose fra - grance fills the earth.
 can - not die, In sun - ny hours like this.

4 All that hath been majestical
 In life or death, since time began,
 Is native in the simple heart of all,
 The angel heart of man.

1. For-ward! the day is break - ing; Earth shall be dark no
 2. For-ward! the world be - fore us, . . . Listens to hear our
 3. For-ward! as near and near - er Draw we un - to our

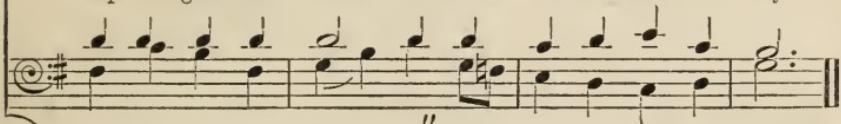
more; Mil - lions of men are wak - - ing On
 tread, And the calm hea -vens o'er - us Smile
 rest— Joy - ous, the light shines clear - er In

ev -'ry sea and shore. With trum - pets and with
 bless - ings on our head; Hope like an ea - gle
 ev -'ry faith - ful breast. The past has ceased to

ban - ners The world is march - ing on, The
 hov - ers A - bove the way we go; The
 bind .. us, Its chains are hurled a - way, The



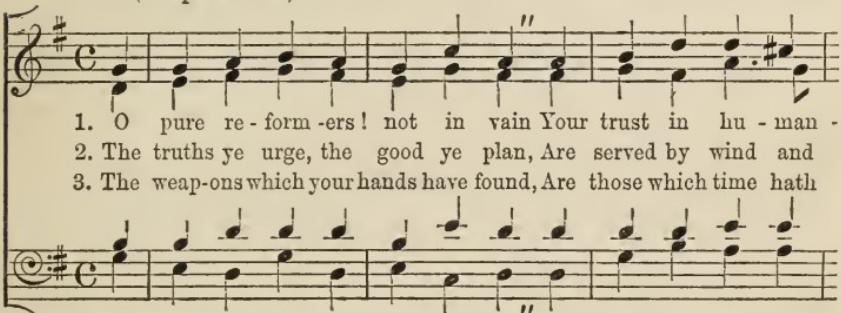
air rings with ho - san - nas, The field is fought and won.
shield of pa-tience cov - ers Our hearts from ev - 'ry foe,
deep - est gloom be - hind us Melts in the dawn of day.



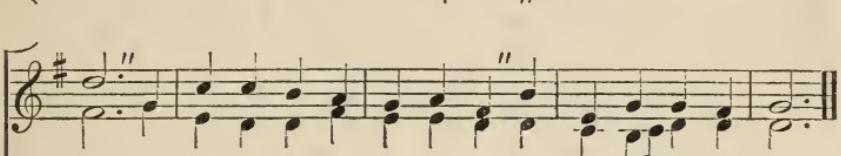
128.

C.M.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER (1807—). Old Melody (Gloucester).
(Adapted from.)



1. O pure re-form-ers! not in vain Your trust in hu - man -
2. The truths ye urge, the good ye plan, Are served by wind and
3. The weap-ons which your hands have found, Are those which time hath



- kind; The good which bloodshed could not gain, Your peace - ful zeal shall find.
tide; The voice of na-ture and of man Speaks out up - on your side.
wrought, Light, truth and love,—your bat - tle-ground The free broad field of thought.



4 Oh may no selfish purpose break
The beauty of your plan,
Nor lie from throne or altar shake
Your steady faith in man.

1. These things shall be! a lof - tier race Than e'er the
 2. They shall be gen - tle, brave and strong, To spill no
 3. Na - tion with na - tion, land with land, Un - arm'd shall

world hath known, shall rise With flow'r of free - dom
 drop of blood, but dare All that may plant man's
 live as com - rades free; In ev - 'ry heart and

in . . . their souls, And light of sci - ence in their eyes.
 lord - ship firm, On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.
 brain shall throb The pulse of one fra - ter - ni - ty.

4 New hearts shall bloom of loftier mould

And mightier music thrill the skies,

And every life shall be a song,

When all the earth is paradise.

5 These things—they are no dreams—shall be

For happier men when we are gone:

Those golden days for them shall dawn,

Transcending aught we gaze upon.

W. M. W. CALL, M.A.

Attributed to CRASSELIUS (*d. 1754*).

1. A no - bler or - der yet shall be Than a - ny
 2. Oh, bold - ly speak thy se - cret thought And tell thy
 3. Strive less to bring the lof - ty down, Than raise the

that the world hath known, When men o - bey, and yet are
 want, and by the wise Be un - to no - bler ac tion
 low to be thy peers; Love is the on - ly gold - en

free, Are loved, and yet can stand a - lone.
 brought, And breathe the air of pu - rer skies.
 crown That will not tar - nish with the years.

4 Soon the wild days of war shall end,
 And days of happier work begin,
 When love and toil shall man befriend,
 And help to free the world from sin.

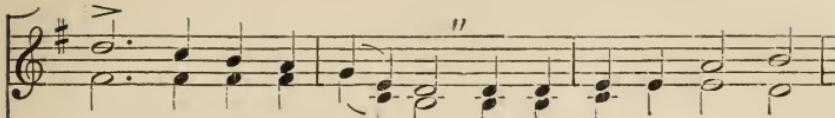
Dr. FELIX ADLER.

cres.

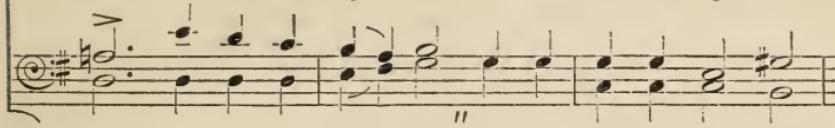
1. Have you heard the gold - en ci - ty Men-tioned
 2. We are build - ers of that ci - ty, All our
 3. It will be, at last, made per - fect, In the

mp

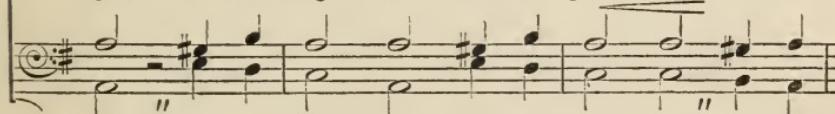
cres.



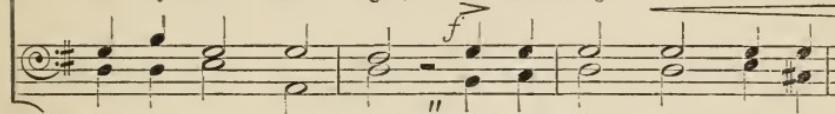
right - eous men and wo - men Dwell with - in its gleam - ing
work that we have build - ed, Gft with bleed - ing hands and
last and shine trans - fig - ured In the fi - nal reign of



wall, Wrong is ban - ished from its bor - ders, Jus - tice
tears, And in er - ror and in an - guish, Will not
right, It will merge in - to the splen - dours Of the



reigns su - preme o'er all, Wrong is ban - ished from its
per ish with the years, But the work that we have
Ci - ty of the Light, It will merge in - to the



bor - ders, Jus - tice reigns su - preme o'er all.
build - ed Will not per - ish with the years.
splen - dours Of the Ci - ty of the Light.



MALCOLM QUIN.

With spirit.

†

1. Now comes the light for which our souls have sought,
 2. Now comes the love which makes all souls but one,
 3. Oh light and peace! oh love and truth su - preme! Ye

O - ver the clou - dy path - ways of our .. life;
 Calm - ly c - mer - gent from the strife of .. years;
 come, .. and com - ing, van - quish our des - pair;

Now comes the peace for which we long have wrought,
 Now comes the truth which long our souls did shun,
 Ye bring us faith, ye bring the au - gust dream

Crown - ing with glad re - sults our cease - less strife;
 Lift - ing us high a - bove all doubts and fears;
 Of some great glad - ness which we now pre - pare;

Oh light and peace! ye pow'r's of glad - ness sure,
Oh love and truth! ye stars of hu - man fate,
Oh make us wor - thy of that af - ter - time

With you we con - quer, or with you en - dure.
Be ye with us, and we for joy can wait.
Whose im - age fronts us now with looks sub - lime.

Oh light and peace! ye pow'r's of glad - ness sure, With
Oh love and truth! ye stars of hu - man fate, Be
Oh make us wor - thy of that af - ter - time Whose

you we con - quer, or with you . . . en - dure.
ye with us, and we for joy . . . can wait.
im - age fronts us now with looks . . . su - blime.

Rev. WILLIAM GASKELL (1805—1884).

H. KNIGHT.

Slowly.

1. Calm - ly, calm - ly lay him down ! He hath
 2. Mem - 'ries, all . . . too bright for tears, Crowd a -
 3. All that makes for hu - man good, Free - dom,

fought the no - ble fight; He hath bat - tled
 round us from the past, Faith - ful toiled he
 righ - teous - ness, and truth, Ob - jects of .. as -

for . . . the right; He . . . hath won th'un - fa - ding crown.
 to . . . the last,— Faith - ful through un - flag - ging years.
 - pir - ing youth, Firm to age he still pur - sued.

4 Kind and gentle was his soul,
 Yet it glowed with glorious might ;
 Filling clouded minds with light,
 Making wounded spirits whole.

5 Dying, he can never die !
 To the dust his dust we give ;
 In our hearts his heart shall live ;
 Moving, guiding, working aye.

Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON (1709—1784).

†

1. To light, that shines in stars and souls; To law, that rounds the
 2. May pu - rer sa - cra-ment be here Than ev - er dwelt in
 3. Here be the wan-d'r'er homeward led; Here liv - ing streams in

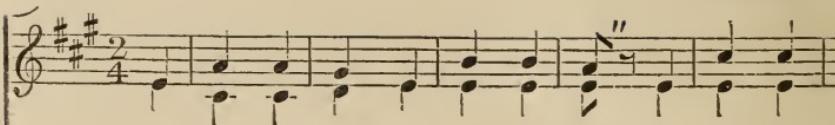
world with calm; To love, whose e - qual tri - umph rolls Thro'
 rite or creed; Hal - low'd the hour with vow sin - cere To
 ful - ness flow; And ev - 'ry hung -'ring soul be fed, That

mar - tyr's pray'r and pro - phet's psalm; These walls are wed with
 serve the time's all - press-ing need, And rear, its heav - ing
 yearns the tru - er life to know; And sow, 'mid pa - tient

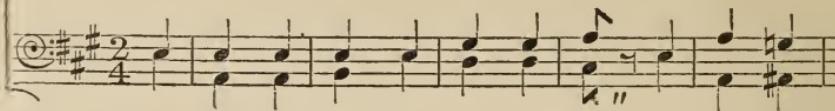
un - seen bands, In ho - lier shrines not built with hands.
 seas a - bove, Strong-holds of free-dom, folds of love.
 toils and tears, For har - vest in se - re - ner years.

ANON.

J. JEFFERYS.†



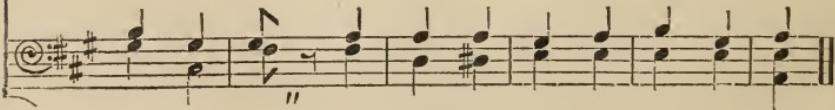
1. Sweet even - ing hour! sweet even - ing hour! That calms the
 2. O sea - son of soft sounds and hues, Of twi - light
 3. Sweet even - ing hour! thou art the time When hearts ex -



air and shuts the flow'r, That brings the wild bee
 walks a - mong the dews, Of feel - ings calm and
 - pand and wish - es climb; O may thy gen - tle



to its rest, The in - fant to its mo - ther's breast!
 con - verse sweet, And thoughts too sa - cred to re - peat.
 in - fluence give New strength a no - bler life to live!



FREDK. BURRINGTON.

Rev. J. T. WHITEHEAD.*

1. The place of wor - ship is not bound By
 2. Where so - lemn forms the truth en - crust, The
 3. In flow - ry fields with bees and birds The

arch - ed roofs and stone-built walls, Where prayers are said in
 re - al hides be - neath pre-tence; And a - ges of tra -
 heart may leap, and join their hymn; . . . Wor-ship is not con -

end - less round, As cus - tom leads, or church-bell calls.
 - di - tion's dust Still blind and choke the mo - ral sense.
 - fined to words In gloom - y cells and clois - ters dim.

4 'Tis where the hand with nature vies,
 And, ever working, blessing brings;
 'Tis where the mind with reverence tries
 To find the mysteries of things.

5 The joyful heart is highest praise;
 Work, thought, and love, the loftiest prayer:
 Where these are found, all times and days,
 The noblest place of worship's there.

1. The kings of old have shrine and tomb In many a min-ster's
 2. The thou-sands that, un -cheered by praise, Have made one offer - ing
 3. Where sleep they, Earth? by no proud stone Their nar -row couch of

haugh - ty gloom; And green, a - long the o - cean side, The
 of their days; For truth, for right, for free - dom's sake, Re -
 rest is known; The still sad glo - ry of their name Hal -

mounds a - rise where he - roes died; But show me on thy
 - signed the bit - ter cup to take; And si - lent - ly in
 - lows no foun - tain un - to fame. No - not a tree the

flow - 'ry breast, Earth! where thy name - less mar - tyrs rest!
 fear - less faith Bow - ing their no - ble souls to death:-
 re - cord bears Of their deep thoughts and lone - ly prayers.

4 Yet haply all around lie strew'd
 The ashes of that multitude :
 It may be that each day we tread

Where thus devoted hearts have bled ;
 And the young flow'r's our children sow,
 Take root in holy dust below.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH (1819—1861).

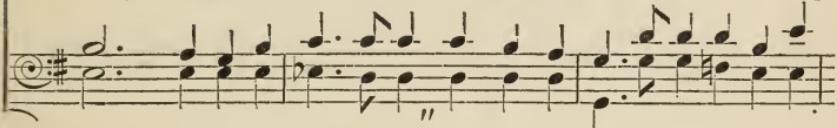
FLORENCE A. MARSHALL.†



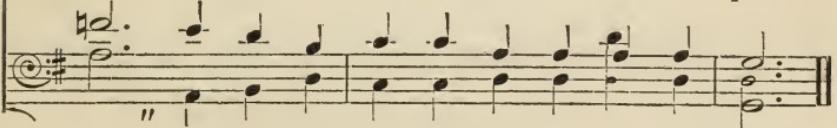
1. Where lies the land to which the ship would go? Far, far a -
 2. On sun-ny noons, up - on the deck's smooth face, Linked arm in
 3. On stor-my nights, when wild north-west - ers rave, How proud a



- head, is all her sea-men know. And where the land she travels from? A -
 arm, how pleasant here to pace; Or, o'er the stern re-clining, watch be -
 thing to fight with wind and wave! The dripping sai - lor on the reel-ing



- way, Far, far be - hind, is all that they can say.
 - low The foam - ing wake far wid - ning as we go.
 mast Ex - ults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.



4 Where lies the land to which the ship would go?

Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.

And where the land she travels from? Away,

Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

3.—Of Nature.

139.

C.M.D.

EMILY TAYLOR (1795—1872).

Animato.

†

1. There's life abroad! From each green tree A bu - sy mur-mur
 2. There's life abroad! The sil - v'ry threads That float a - bout in
 3. All speak of life! And loud - er still The spi - rit speaks with -

swells: The bee is up at ear - ly dawn, Stir-ring the cow-slip -
 air, Where'er their wan-ton flight they take, Pro - claim that life is
 - in, O'er-power-ing with its strong deep voice, The world's in - ces - sant

- bells. There's motion in the light - est leaf That trem - bles on the
 there. And bub - bles on the qui - et lake, And yon - der mu - sic
 din : There's life with - out; and bet - ter far, With - in there's life and

stream; The in - sect scarce an in - stant rests, Light dancing in the beam.
 sweet, And stir - rings in the rustling leaves, The self - same tale re - peat.
 power, And en - er - gy of heart and will To glo - ri - fy each hour.

rit.

SARAH FULLER ADAMS, *née FLOWER* (1805—1848).

†

1. Oh! I would sing a song of praise,
 2. Oh! I would sing a song of praise,
 3. Oh! I would sing a song of praise,

Natural as the
 Sweet as breath-ing
 Ho - ly as the

breeze . . . That stirs a - mongst the for - est - trees,
 flowers . . . That ope to greet the ear - lier hours;
 night, . . When heav'n comes to us in the light Of

Whis-pering ev - er, Wea - ry nev - er, Sum-mer's prime or
 Nev - er - end - ing In - cense send - ing Up, to bless their
 stars, whose gleaming, In - fluence streaming, Draws us up - ward

win - try days— So should come my song of praise.
 par - ent rays— So should wake my song of praise.
 while we gaze— So should rise my song of praise.

141.

C.M.D.

AGNES STRICKLAND (1805—1874).

MICHAEL HAYDN (1737—1806).

1. Fair lil - ies of Je - ru - sa - lem, Ye wear the same ar - ray . . . As
 2. Ye flourished when the cap-tive band, By prophets warn'din vain, Were
 3. Ye have sur-vived Ju - de - a's throne, Her temple's o - ver - throw, And

when im - per - ial Ju - dah's stem Maintain'd its re - gal sway: By
 led to far Eu - phra - tes' strand From Jor-dan's pleasant plain; In
 seen proud Sa - lem sit - ting lone, A wi - dow in her woe: But,

sa - cred Jor-dan's de - sert tide As bright ye blos - som on, . . . As
 hos - tile lands to weep and dream Of things that still were free, . . . And
 li - lies of Je - ru - sa - lem, Thro' ev - 'ry change ye shine; Your

when your sim - ple charms out-vied The pride of So - lo - mon.
 sigh to see your gold - en gleam, Sweetflow'r's of Ga - li - lee!
 gold - en urns un - fa - ding gem, The fields of Pa - les - tine!

1. The light pours down from hea - ven, And
 2. So let the mind's true sun shine Be
 3. The soul can shed a glo - ry On

en - ters where it may ; The eyes of all earth's
 spread o'er earth as free, And fill men's wait - ing
 ev - 'ry work well done; As ev - en things most

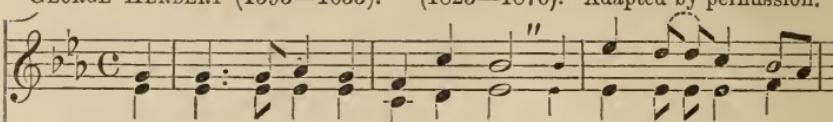
chil - dren Are cheered by one bright day.
 spi - rits As the wa - ters fill the sea.
 low - ly Are ra - diant in the sun.

- 4 Then let each human spirit
 Enjoy the vision bright,
 The peace of inward purity
 Shall spread like heav'n's own light :
- 5 Till earth becomes love's temple ;
 And every human heart
 Shall join in one great service,
 Each happy in his part.

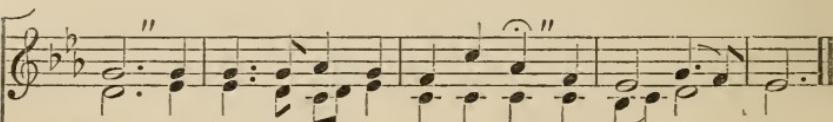
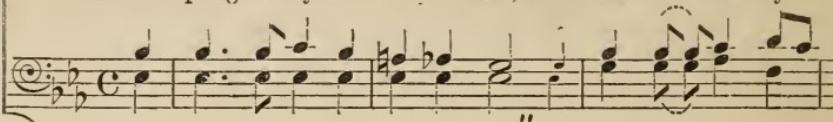
143.

8.7.8.4.

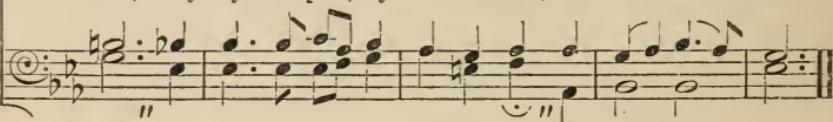
Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus. D.
GEORGE HERBERT (1593—1633). (1823—1876). Adapted by permission.*



1. Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright, Bri - dal of earth and
2. Sweet rose! in air whose o - dours wave, And co - lour charms the
3. Sweet spring ! of days and ro - ses made, Whose charms for beau - ty



sky; The dew shall weep thy fall to-night, For thou must die!
eye; Thy root is ev - er in its grave, And thou must die!
vie; Thy days de-part, thy ro - ses fade, For thou must die!

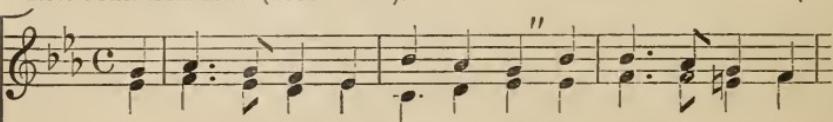


- 4 Only a sweet and holy soul
Hath tints that never fly;
While flowers decay, and seasons roll,
It cannot die.

144.

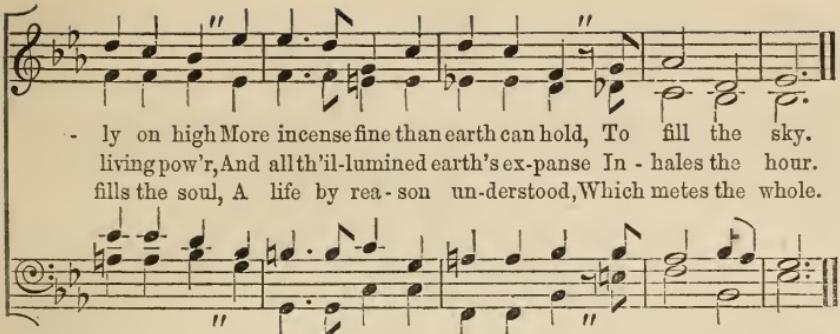
8.8.8.4.

Rev. JOHN STERLING (1806—1844). †



1. Sweet morn! from countless cups of gold Thou lift - est rev - rent -
2. Wher - e'er the vi - sion's bound'ries glance Ex - is - tence swells with
3. In man, O morn! a lof - tier good With conscious bless-ing





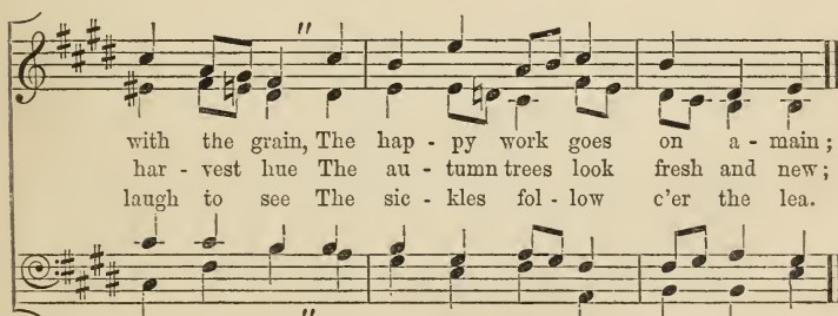
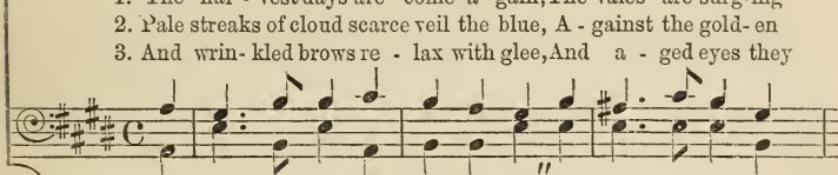
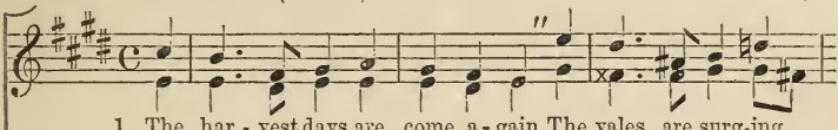
- 4 To thousand tasks of fruitful hope, 5 From self, and selfish toil and strife,
 With skill against his toil he bends, To glorious aims his soul may rise ;
 And finds his work's determined scope Each dawn, may wake to better life,
 Where'er he wends. With purer eyes.

145.

8.8.8.

FREDERICK TENNYSON (b. 1804).

†



ANGUS M. MACKAY.

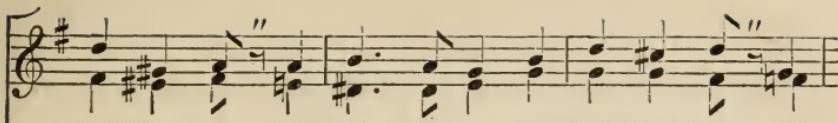
†

1. The lan - guid moon that seems to float As
 2. Yon dain - ty wind - swayed hedge - row flower, Wo -

i - dly in the sum - mer sky, As some dream-freight-ed
 - ven of star - light and of air, That dreams a - way the

plea - sure boat On ling - ring cur - rents pass - ing by, On
 sum - mer hour Un - vexed by a - ny thought or care, By

cur - rents pass - ing by; Yet out - ward draws the
 a - ny thought or care, Makes sweet - est mu - sic



shud-d'ring main, And makes the o - cean throb-bings true; All
in the brain, With har - mo-nies of scent and hue; The

A continuation of the musical score. The soprano and alto voices sing about nature's nobility. The piano accompaniment features eighth-note patterns. The lyrics mention brown bees probing a noble strain that's not in vain.

na - ture owns the no - ble strain,— } There's

brown bees probe it not in vain,— }

A continuation of the musical score. The soprano and alto voices sing about work for everyone. The piano accompaniment consists of eighth-note chords. The lyrics state there's work for you and me to do.

work for you and me to do, there's work for you and

A continuation of the musical score. The soprano and alto voices sing a final line. The piano accompaniment includes dynamic markings like "rit." and "p". The lyrics end with "me to do, for you and me to do."

"

BERNARD BARTON (1784—1849).

JONATHAN BATTISHILL (1783—1801).

1. Dews that nour - ish fair - est flow'rs
 2. Vio - lets hid - den on the ground,
 3. Em - blems these, which well ex - press,

Fall un - heard in si - lent hours ; Streams which keep the
 Throw their balm - y o - dours round ; View - less, in the
 Vir - tue's mo - dest love - li - ness ; Un - ob - tru - sive

mea - dows green, Of - ten flow them - selves un - seen.
 vault - ed sky, Larks pour forth their me - lo - dy.
 and un - known, Felt but in its fruits a - lone.

THIS little book is the practical result of a vote passed a few months ago by one of the clubs of the "Leighton Hall Neighbourhood Guild," Kentish Town. The club expressed its wish that a collection might be made of the best songs, with music, for singing at the graver meetings of the Guild; and a small committee was subsequently formed for the purpose.

It is hoped that these songs may not only find a welcome in schools and in such organisations as that of the Guild, but that they will also supply the need felt in many home circles for a collection of hymns which should have no theological bias. The widening religious thought of our day has left, as the one bond of agreement uniting all earnest persons, a conviction of the urgency of practical goodness. The accompanying poems have been selected as expressing those feelings concerning our relations with man and our duty in this life, which come to us in our more serious moods, and stir us to a truer, a more faithful ideal of conduct.

The Compilers beg to thank sincerely all those authors, publishers, and owners of copyright who have so kindly granted the use of the poems, especially:—

Messrs. George Bell and Sons, for six poems of the late Miss Adelaide Procter.	Tristram Ellis, Esq.
Messrs. Macmillan, for Lord Tennyson's "Ring out, wild bells."	Miss Gaskell.
Dr. Felix Adler.	Edmund Gosse, Esq.
Mrs. Matthew Arnold.	Saml. C. Hatch, Esq.
"Band of Hope Union," for "Come, friends, the world wants mending."	Lord Houghton.
F. W. Bockett, Esq.	Lewis Morris, Esq.
Lady Bowring.	Ernest Myers, Esq.
Mrs. Bullock, for the late Dean Alford's poem.	Rev. Wm. Neville, for the late Cardinal Newman's poems.
Mrs. W. M. W. Call.	Messrs. James Nisbet and Co., for the late Dr. Bonar's poems.
Messrs. Chapman and Hall, for Carlyle's poems.	Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., for the late Archbishop Trench's poem.
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Mrs. Arthur Clough.	Algernon C. Swinburne, Esq.
Messrs. J. Curwen and Sons, for the late Mr. W. Hickson's poem.	J. A. Symonds, Esq.
Mrs. Albert Dickens, for the late Mr. Charles Swain's poem.	Fredk. Tennyson, Esq.
H. Havelock Ellis, Esq.	Fredk. M. White, Esq.
	W. Wilde, Esq., for three poems from "Hymns of Progress."

Also their sense of indebtedness to the American authors, for some of the noblest poems in the book, is none the less real because the copyright law is not retrospective in its action. A difficulty has been felt in matching the elevated

beauty of some of the verse with music which should at all adequately express the sentiment of the words, and yet be simple enough for family and congregational singing. It is hoped, however, that the new settings will grow into favour as they become better known. Of those old German and English hymn-tunes which have been chosen on account of their fine, simple earnestness, only such have been included as have not been previously identified with any particular hymn.

The Compilers would gratefully thank the following composers, representatives, and musical firms, for their generous kindness in allowing free use of copyright tunes :—

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The Compilers of "Congregational Church Music."

Rev. J. H. Lester, Editor of "Lichfield Mission Tune-Book," for No. 69.

Mrs. Julian Marshall.

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Finally, the Compilers would tender their especial thanks to Mrs. Julian Marshall and to Mr. John Jefferys for the assistance of their valuable musical criticism and advice.

LEIGHTON HALL NEIGHBOURHOOD GUILD,
KENTISH TOWN, N.W.,
January, 1892.

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